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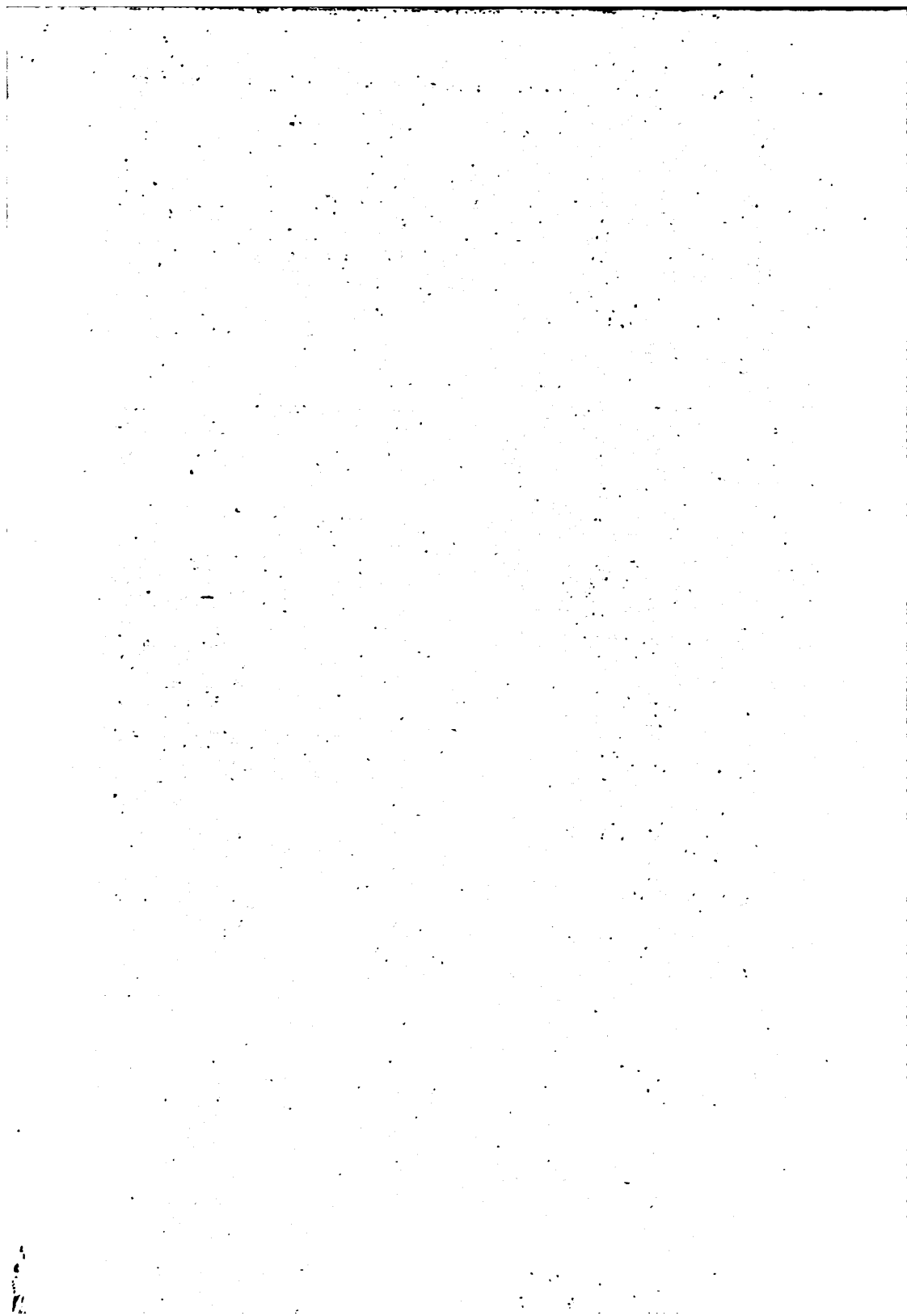
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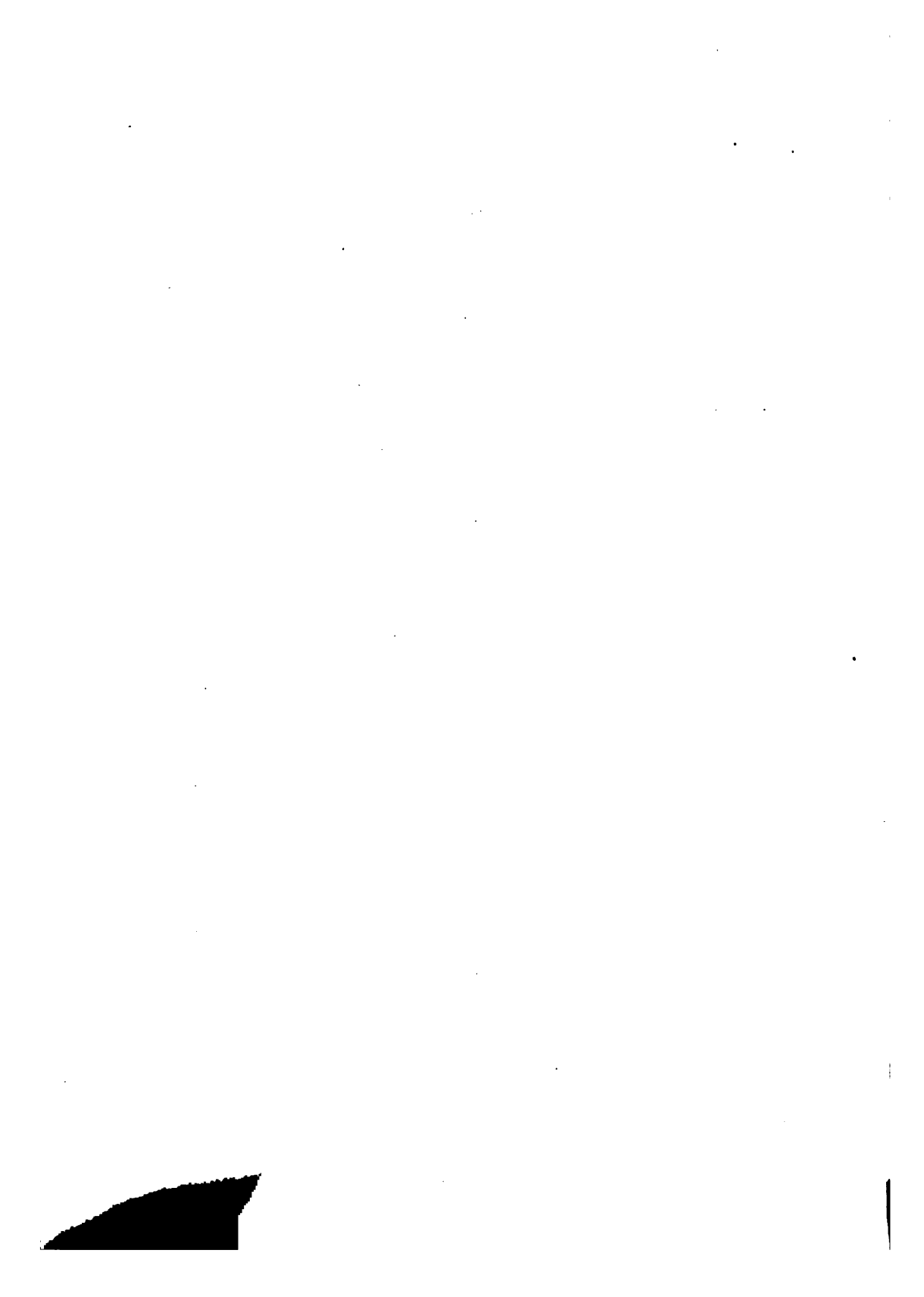
Chicago.

Wm. P. Williams.

Recd May 12 97

Secretary





THE exercises of February 22, 1897, under the auspices of the Union League Club of Chicago, in commemoration of the birthday of Washington, were:

I.

In the morning, addresses to the children of the Public Schools.

II.

In the afternoon, a Commemorative Address at the Auditorium, by the Hon. Frederic R. Coudert, before the members of the Club and their invited guests.

III.

In the evening, banquet and speeches in the dining-room of the Club House.

PROGRAMME
at the
EVANSTON SCHOOLS.

Hon. Leroy D. Thoman, Presiding.

Organ Solo, - - - - - Prof. Scott Wheeler

Music, "Hail Columbia."

Prayer, - - - - - Rev. Dr. John F. Loba

Music, "Red White and Blue."

Oration, "Loyalty," - - - Mr. Giles Mebane Smith,
College of William and Mary

Music, "America."

Benediction.

Oration, MR. GILES MEBANE SMITH,

College of William and Mary:

“LOYALTY.”

No one could fail to appreciate the privilege of being in the presence of this brilliant audience. Standing here as an untried speaker, well might I hesitate to raise my voice to speak of American citizenship, a subject appropriate to this day. But I ask you to hear me for the sake of what Virginia has contributed towards its sum total. Pardon me for reminding you of Virginia. I speak of her only as an instance of what the original colonies have done to make every one glad to belong to this nation. But who on such a day as this would not feel more than ordinary courage in addressing an audience of sympathizing fellow-citizens? I ask you not to hear me for myself, but for my birthright as an American citizen, as a citizen of Virginia, of which the State of Illinois, mighty in all the elements of prosperity, was once a part. I ask you to hear me for the sake of the College from which I came, William and Mary, honored above all other colleges in having as its chancellor the great man whose birth makes this day glorious in history; that College which sent out to the world three Presidents of the United States—Jefferson, Monroe, and Tyler,—whose statesmanship carried the star-spangled banner from ocean to ocean till it waved over a country greater in extent than the wide expanse of the Roman Republic.

American citizenship, what a word. The name of Caesar possessed no charm one-half so great. Let it but be mentioned, and the mighty spirit of Washington appears before us with all those attributes that made him the grandest exponent of American history and American character. His birthday

should above all other days be selected as the time fittest to inculcate the sacred obligations of American citizenship. To do this, we do not propose to enter into a historical discussion, we do not cull for you the inviting instances of patriotism and unselfishness of the past; but we shall present to you some facts so plain that to mention them is to accept them.

As men, we can not sit at ease and contemplate the achievements of the past. The less pleasing, but far more important fact, is that we are citizens, and must soon participate in the government of our nation. Is it not a thought to quicken the pulse and stir the blood of even the most sluggish nature to contemplate himself in this sphere of action, grappling with problems, stemming the tide of new duties, and perchance being borne on the waves of success into a position of honor and usefulness?

Let us consider the value of our citizenship first because of the almost limitless rights and freedom which are the lot of every citizen. The lines of society and caste often drawn so rigidly in the Old World oppose no barrier here to honest effort and genuine worth. The aim of the ideal State is to perfect not only herself but her citizen. It is granted that religion and a preparation for a future state is necessary for the citizen's welfare and happiness. For his best spiritual development absolute religious freedom is granted every one in these United States. Personal freedom also enhances the value of American citizenship, for every one has the free use of his faculties, and is not trammelled in thought, in expression of opinion and the dictates of his conscience.

Remember for a moment that this union consists of forty-five States, each almost a kingdom in itself, of exhaustless resources, with varied climate, the highest good of its citizens prevented by none of those restrictions, either of natural disposition or of actual legislation, that clog the wheels of progress in so many nations to-day. Holding the key of the West, and recognized as superior to the other peoples on this hemisphere, what degree of perfection in every respect is unapproachable by this nation when supported by a people bound together with

deep-seated, unselfish loyalty. This thought can not fail to make dear to us our right of protection and even help from such a people. Thus we see the value to us of our citizenship. I would not for a moment have you believe that these rights, which are ours, are not co-relative with duties. Let us not, as silly children, become intoxicated with our freedom. We must—and it is all the more necessary with each recurring year—we must, I say, recognize the duties we owe our country. The sacred obligations imposed by these rights are manifold and binding. Every citizen owes it to self, to fellow-man, to State, to make an intelligent decision whenever he casts a vote. When our country needs our support, we owe her unselfish service. The recognition of all properly constituted authority is a pillar of support to our Republic and the bounden duty of every man.

But there is a cry that rings out all over the land. It comes from the cold and invigorating North, from the land where the Mexican Gulf sings a lullaby to the children of the South; it comes from the wave-washed shores of the Atlantic, and from the far West, where the waters of the Pacific play; from the plains and from the mountain tops, from the busy thoroughfare and from the village hamlet, it comes as a mighty trumpet call. Would that it might strike every ear and appeal to every heart—this call to loyalty.

What is loyalty that it should thus be chosen and spoken of? What makes it so all-embracing? Loyalty is not a mere allegiance to a prescribed form of government; but it is a broader fidelity to the principle of Truth and Duty in whatever form it may find expression. By loyalty is not meant its paltry semblance worn as a cloak by petty politicians in their selfish canvasses. We do not mean the flag and drum procession, the boasted allegiance and love of a country that flies from lip to lip on public occasions. We do not mean that empty sentiment that comes and goes with holiday attire. Loyalty is a feeling far different. It is worthy of a man; it is unaltering allegiance; it is the love of country that ever burns as a sweet incense on the altar of our hearts; it is the ruling motive of our lives that colors our every action and stimulates us to cultivate our physi-

cal, mental, social, and moral being. Thus, true to ourselves and to our fellow-citizens, can we be loyal to our state.

Our boasted liberty is restricted by this loyalty, else it is dangerous. Whenever the citizen's personal or religious freedom, even his right to protection, becomes disadvantageous to others, it must be restricted by loyalty. Its ennobling principles, ever productive of unity, forbid all discord. On the other hand genuine loyalty, by interesting us in other citizens, creates good-will from man to man, and fosters brotherly love. Such is its wise restriction and beneficent influence on us as a people. In the individual, loyalty cultivates unselfishness. Selfishness, the vice that perverts and hardens our natures, changes man into an unscrupulous, greedy and grasping animal, regardless of others and dangerous to any community or state. Selfishness fills offices of public trust with incompetent incumbents, makes men abscond with public moneys, and causes many a statesman to tarnish his name with the smut of unfairness in appointments and elections. Selfishness, the ruling motive in the lives of so many in public positions, is such a growing evil that thoughtful and far-seeing citizens tremble for our future. Let us as loyal men cry down with it, and let us cultivate that patriotism that will not permit us to impose on state or on fellow-man.

Loyalty makes the individual respect self. When the hydra-headed monster, intemperance, finds so many unwise enough to be deceived, when he enslaves thousands who would otherwise be men and good citizens, when he ruins the home and destroys its true usefulness, when he fastens his clutches on the youth of our land, when he stalks abroad even with unveiled visage in our very halls of justice, well may our nation call for men who respect themselves, their state, their nation, fearing nothing save to offend the right, who have too much brains, morals, and soul to make of themselves, citizens of these United States, senseless beings.

It is the lack of true loyalty on the part of some that permits the rights of the people, the real sovereigns, to be tampered with; it is the same lamentable deficiency that subjects us to the

shaming accusation of bribery. That "every man has his price" can not be said of those citizens who prize and cultivate loyalty. No man has his price, but he alone can be bought who is wrongly so called. He who is in the least approachable with bribes or flattering offers is our country's worst enemy; for he not only debases himself, and to that extent his state, but he encourages a principle which is nothing short of utter ruin to any society founded on justice. My subject needs no apology when we remember that campaign funds of thousands, nay rather millions, are used with only too telling effect in corrupting the ballot box into whose sacred keeping is unreservedly entrusted the rights and liberties of the American people. This means that pearls have been cast before swine, and that thus they turn again and rend us. This means that there are those endowed with the distinction of citizenship who regard it not as a priceless privilege and a goodly heritage. What can save us from shipwreck in this dangerous shoal? Loyalty imbues the citizen with such a love, aye reverence, for his rights of suffrage, purchased by our father's blood, that he will esteem it infinitely above the puny price of the would-be purchaser. Loyalty alone can guide us into the waters of wise choice and good rule.

When this cankering vice, no longer confined to the ignorant among the masses, begins to creep into the lives of those who have public interests committed to them, then must we hide our faces in shame and humiliation, crying to Him who holds in His hands the destinies of nations to give us loyalty.

Greece, wonderful alike in her literature and statesmanship, was never united against her foes; thus she wrought her own ruin. Divided against herself and owing allegiance to no common government the Romans found her an easy prey.

Rome, whose very name may signify strength, standing as an example of the power and might in unity and devoted citizens, made herself mistress of the world and was conquered by her own victories. The centralization of wealth soon created a plutocracy; the many suffered while the few were luxurious and profligate in their expenditures. Her public men were not above slander and dishonesty, the emperors themselves were marked

instances of abuse of public trust, and few were deaf to bribes. As a result the Roman gradually disappeared before the loyalty, tenacity, and manly purity of the Teuton.

Does it not become us to profit by lessons so plainly taught in the history of these and other great nations? Do we not learn that envious classes and discord among ourselves must cripple our nation's progress? Are we not taught that vice in the individual makes the weakness in the state? We can but see that there is a lack of brotherly feeling between the varied classes of our republic; we must confess that there is corruption at the polls; and we can not deny that we must contend with disloyalty in all its forms and ignorance everywhere. Is there no remedy?

With our foreign element, with the race problem, confronted by an ignorant public and complex questions of local and national government, threatened by evils that have overthrown great nations, humiliated by betrayal of trust on the part of some of our own number; irreverence for all authority, bribery, impurity, intemperance, and other evils abroad in the land, what is it that can unite North, South, East, and West, one nation, with one purpose? What is it that can harmonize discordant elements, and give us men, before whom cowardly intemperance slinks away as a whipped cur, whose fingers are free from holding of bribes, and whose ears are open to the appeal of the masses? What is it that is our hope of safety and fountain of success? Loyalty, guided by intelligence, overruled by a God-fearing conscience, is the only thing that can preserve our union and save our state and nation—what I say unto you, I say unto all, "Be loyal."

PROGRAMME
at the
LAKE VIEW HIGH SCHOOL.

Mr. Ira C. Wood, Presiding.

Music, "Hail Columbia."

Introductory Remarks.

Music, "Red, White and Blue."

Declamation, - - - - Mr. Jerome J. Crowley.
Lake View High School.

Piano Solo, - - - - - Mr. William E. Zeuch.
Lake View High School.

Music, "Star Spangled Banner."

Oration, "Patriotism and Youth,"

Mr. Milo R. Maltbie, Columbia University.

Music, "America."

Oration, MR. MILO R. MALTBIE,
Columbia College:

“PATRIOTISM AND YOUTH.”

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow Students:

Were the question propounded to each person present as to what element in the character of that heroic man, in honor of whose memory the youth of Chicago are now assembled, the responses would be varied. Some, having in mind the success with which he guided the executive power of the nation through the early years of adversity when the presidential chair rocked with uncertainty, would reply that as President Washington is most beloved and admired. Others, who recall his incessant labors in constituent assemblies, in governmental councils, and in diplomatic negotiations, would respond that as an ideal statesman Washington is pre-eminent. Others, who remember that it was upon the battlefield that the young republic was first compelled to win success, and that without the patient endurance, the inflexible resolution, and the skilled generalship of a Washington, the nation would never have survived the throes of birth, affirm that as a soldier Washington's name stands emblazoned upon the pages of history. But why was he so pre-eminent as President, statesman, soldier? One word explains all. Washington was a patriot. It is particularly fitting, therefore, that we consider upon this occasion, Patriotism and Youth.

We need not go back to Jewish history, Grecian romance, or Roman conquest to find examples of patriotic youth. Abundant instances are furnished by our own struggles for independence and united existence. The Revolution brought forth as illustrious patriots as were ever seen upon the plains of Marathon or in the fastnesses of Thermopylae. The Civil War, in whose shadow

we are yet standing, revealed a patriotism beside which the vaunted Roman valor pales and wanes. Count the thousands of youth who although too young to enlist without antedating the day of their birth fought heroically for the preservation of the Union, the emancipation of an enslaved race and national sovereignty. Number if you can the daughters, the sons, the sisters, the brothers, who toiled early and late, who labored incessantly in the workshop and upon the farm to preserve the family ties, to keep the little home united while father or elder brother fought upon the battlefield from whence so many never returned; yes, number these if you can, estimate their suffering, comprehend the motives that impelled the sacrifice, and you behold a nobler patriotism than ever inspired the youth of any nation whose name is written in history. All hail the youth of America who struggled to preserve the nation.

But the present is not a martial age, and God grant the future may see arbitration supersede war, peace strife, and humanitarianism selfish conquest. True patriotism is not represented, therefore, by the boy who places a chip upon his shoulder and dares another boy to knock it off; nor is it that jingoism which has manifested itself so frequently in the last year in what ought to be the loftiest legislative assembly in the United States.

It is not possible in the brief time at my disposal to explain or even enumerate the many forms in which true patriotism should manifest itself. It is only possible to briefly dwell upon what seem to be the most important characteristics of the man who loves his country supremely, and the acquisition of which each youth should strive to attain.

All governments based upon popular suffrage presuppose an intelligent class of citizens, who with honesty and integrity of purpose will exercise the right of franchise. A democratic form of government would be of little use to the Patagonians. Knaves and thieves thrive only when organized upon the same basis as a despotic monarchy. The dark ages were entirely incompatible with enduring and progressive democracies, and those which exist to-day will reach the same goal as those of ancient history, if honesty, intelligence, and diligence become unknown in prac-

tical politics. It may matter little what the Siberians or the Chinese know or think of the science of government, but to the American citizen it is a matter of utmost importance, for the will of the people as expressed through the ballot-box is the supreme law of the land, and before it all bow. Hence the true patriot should study carefully the history of our nation, the fundamental principles of our institutions, and the theories of political science. It is just as absurd to suppose that a person who has never studied algebra could solve a problem in quadratic equations, as to suppose that a voter who knows nothing of the above subjects would solve the far more intricate problems of government.

We may bewail or applaud the attempts of politicians to trim their sails to catch every varying breeze of public opinion, but we can not deny that a large portion of our legislators follow such courses as they think will win the most ballots. The present tendency to refer important questions to the people to be voted upon directly may not meet our approval, but we can not deny its existence. The result is that all problems are coming more and more to be settled at the polls. The issue is not so much as to which nominee is best fitted to decide questions of government, but which candidate represents those principles which the voter believes to be the best. Consequently, if we are to have good government, if right policies are to be chosen, it is important, yea necessary that every citizen study the problems confronting him, that he know something of the history of our institutions and the principles upon which our government is founded.

These facts have added significance when the youth of our land are considered. The present citizens are so thoroughly fixed in their ways and habits of thought that it is impossible to produce more than a momentary reform. A succession of astonishing disclosures or an unusual occurrence may arouse the most apathetic, but they can not be depended upon in the minor activities of political life and the corrupt politician that bides his time is soon left to conduct affairs. The thousands of foreigners who come to this country with inbred opposition to government and no conception of our political institutions can not be greatly trans-

formed. The process is begun too late in life. But the boys and girls, whether born of American or foreign parentage, can be so instructed that when the present generation has passed off the stage, those succeeding will be fully able to meet and solve the problems so long unsuccessfully encountered. The hope of America is not in the present citizens, but in you, its future rulers.

Such being the importance of a proper political education, it may be asked, Where is it to be obtained? It matters little whether we believe the home ought to be the place where such instruction is given. The fact remains that it is not and in the majority of cases can not be, because of lack of knowledge and time to devote to the work, and just as the need for such training increases, the opportunity and capability of giving it decreases. It is in the public school then that the training must be given, if given at all. To leave the youth to gain their ideas from partisan newspapers or ward bosses is entirely wrong. The fundamental principles that should be inculcated when the mind is most retentive are wanting, and improper motives are too apt to gain the ascendancy. But if the public school ought to play such an important part, it is necessary to ask many questions concerning the instruction given. What is being done to produce good citizens? Are those who leave the public schools familiar with the history of the United States? Have they a knowledge of the government under which they live? Have they been taught the meaning of patriotism? Is it not possible to raise a valid objection to the present courses of study along these lines? Should not more attention be given to civil government, economics, and history? If the great importance of good government be considered, an affirmative answer must be given to the last two questions. It is not at all improbable that the evils of the present day may be due to a large extent to faults in our educational system. To delve deeply into the political questions of the day in public school courses would be impossible, but a beginning can at least be made by inculcating a firm love for our nation's institutions by teaching what they have cost and what they represent. It may be urged by

some that the inculcation of honesty, sobriety, and morality is the principal purpose of instruction, and that if these virtues be possessed, no one need fear for the security of good government. But it has been demonstrated over and over again that unless the citizen possesses other characteristics governments may be as incompetent as any we have seen. The pages of history contain many accounts of effete systems that failed, not because of a lack of integrity or honesty of purpose among those who founded them, but because the political principles upon which they were based were unsound. In the light of recent facts, many of the foremost advocates of squatter sovereignty are admitted to have been prompted by the best motives, but this did not prevent the overthrow of the doctrine which was never founded upon sound principles of government. State sovereignty was conscientiously believed in by many, but a gigantic war had to be fought to prove its falsity. Honesty can never prevent the mistakes of ignorance, but it can avoid the errors into which dishonesty would inevitably lead. The ethical aims of education are not to be overlooked, but they are not the only aims, and the true patriot needs political training and education as well as honesty, sobriety, and morality.

But there are other qualifications. Up to this point the work has been that of preparation, and all benefit is lost unless the citizen uses his abilities to accomplish definite results. Something may be achieved by the educated man who uses his superior ability to persuade others to view the problems in the correct light, but activity in the caucus, at the primary and upon election day is in reality what counts. If all were to abstain from practical politics the entire wisdom of the ages would accomplish nothing. One of the most frequent complaints made is that the wealthier and more educated classes will take no part in politics, and there is much truth in the statement that the men elected to office are truly representative of those who elect them. It is imperative, therefore, that the patriotic citizen persistently exercise all his powers and perform all his duties. No doubt a false standard has been set up by those who refuse to take any part in politics because of the disrepute into which the politician has fall-

en, but the youth of our land ought to be taught that it is necessary for the preservation of the government for them to take an active part in politics, and that the grant of the franchise implies its intelligent and constant exercise. In no other way can the best results be obtained. For you to keep aloof means that the unscrupulous and unprincipled will control the methods of administration.

The condition of municipal government has been so often alluded to that it has become classic. You have heard it frequently said that as soon as the educated, the honest, the better citizens are determined to have good government, it will be secured. Wealth has accumulated with such marvelous rapidity in the last century, and we have been so absorbed in its acquisition that the problems of government have been sadly neglected. It has been easier to recoup the losses which corrupt and extravagant city machines have thrust upon us than to defend our property by close attention to municipal politics. The wealthy merchant finds it easier to give all his energies to the management of commercial enterprises and to thus acquire the wealth with which to pay exorbitant taxes than to attempt to reduce his taxes by active participation in political life. It may seem radical doctrine to assert that such a man is not a true patriot, but it is true nevertheless, and an important cause of such conduct lies far back of present conditions. The truth was never indelibly stamped upon his mind that citizenship imposes duties and that every right it grants has a corresponding duty to be performed. In a word, true patriotism was never taught him. If war should be thrust upon us, he would not hesitate to join the ranks and fight for liberty or national honor, but when city politics demand reform, he is indifferent and apathetic, because he knows little of the actual methods of government, and has not been taught that he is the true patriot who guards the nation's institutions from foes which attack them at the ballot-box, upon the political rostrum, and in legislative halls. The time will come when wealth is acquired with greater difficulty, when it is easier to guard what is possessed than to acquire other wealth. The United States will never again see a period when wealth multiplies at such a rapid

pace as it has within the past fifty years. Consequently, the time will come when we shall be compelled to turn our attention to city government and bring about reform. But to put off the struggle until that moment will make it all the more difficult to attain reform. Enormous debts will have been foisted upon the taxpayer. Unprofitable expenditures will prevent the city from keeping pace with growing needs. The streets will have been practically sold to private individuals for a mere pittance. Private corporations will have gained control of all municipal monopolies, and the profits which belong by right to the public will be diverted into private coffers. Delay is dangerous. The battle should be fought and decided at once.

It is to you, the future citizens and voters, that we must turn for support and aid in the warfare against bad government, entreating that you study the problems of government carefully, and when you have attained the sacred right of the ballot, you exercise it intelligently, honestly, and persistently. Of special importance is it to you who live in this magnificent city of so glorious a past and so promising a future. Located upon the bank of yonder lake, in the midst of prairies whose fertility is unparalleled and whose natural resources predict that the centers of industry, commerce, culture and education must ultimately be located within their bounds, it is extremely important that this city, that this state lead the van in the development of good government. Shall it not be said by the future historian that as the Mississippi valley states furnished the sinews of war in the struggle for preservation in 1861-1865 and gave us the mightiest heroes of the conflict, so it was that when in a later day politics became corrupt, there came forth another Grant, another Lincoln to lead to victory? Youth of Chicago, yours is a priceless heritage. Will you prove to the world that the patriotic youth of to-day are as loyal, as noble, as brave in the present warfare against corrupt government as when dissolution threatened and no ray of hope pierced the dark clouds of impending war? Yours is the answer.

PROGRAMME
at the
HYDE PARK HIGH SCHOOL.

Mr. Geo. A. Follansbee, Presiding.

Music, Patriotic Selection,
Girls' Glee Club, Hyde Park High School.

Music, "Hail Columbia," - - - - Audience.

Address, - - - - By the Chairman.

Music, "Red, White and Blue," - - - - Audience.

"The Gettysburg Address," - - - Mr. G. Morgan Clark.

Solo, - - - - Miss Elizabeth Dunlap.

Oration, "Lessons from the Life of Washington,"
Mr. Maurice F. Connolly, Cornell University.

Music, Patriotic Selection, - - - - Glee Club.

Music, "America," - - - - Audience.

Oration, MR. MAURICE F. CONNOLLY,
Cornell University:

“LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON.”

As I rise to address the intelligent youth of Chicago, on this the anniversary of Washington's birthday, I can not but feel inspired at the scene before me.

My soul is stirred to its very depths by the sound of our national anthem, sung with such patriotic vigor, and I ask myself, Can there be one here who does not love his country? Can there be one here to-day, man, woman, or child, who, at the sight of our nation's emblem and at the sound of our nation's hymns, would not cheerfully lay down his or her life in defense of our nation's honor? My sense of national sentiment is raised to its highest tide at the sight of the stars and stripes held so proudly and loyally in hands of our nation's future defenders.

That flag! With its colors of red, white, and blue! “The red for love, the white for law, and the blue for the hope our fathers saw, in a wider liberty.”

Your youth, appearance and advantages proclaim that the future of Washington's nation is in safe keeping.

Yet in spite of all this inspiration I hardly know what to talk about first, or even what will follow. My first impulse, as is natural with young college fellows, was to write a speech with lots of the “Star Spangled Banner” and “Rally Round the Flag Boys” in it, but on second thought I decided to write no speech, merely to visit with you; talk about Washington, and draw a few valuable lessons from his life.

We might as well begin by considering his boyhood, and in looking over this array of bright and happy faces I see the image of my idea of the young George Washington.

Washington was a boy of sturdy, well-knit frame, a leader in all the games and sports of his playmates, a fast runner, a good wrestler, and a hard thrower.

We can see him upon the high banks of a Virginia river, with a crowd of companions, who were vainly trying to throw from a long distance into the stream. As lad after lad failed in the attempt, and just as they were about to give it up as a hopeless task, Washington quietly steps up, selects a well-rounded stone, and with a tremendous whirl of his mighty arm sends the stone far out into the stream below.

And just as there are leaders among you, in all your active sports and games, just so was George Washington a natural champion in the outdoor games of his time.

Now I am sure that there are among you stout athletes, with stout brains and stout hearts, and this is just what the father of his country was when about your age. To be sure there are none among you who can do all that Washington did and gain the honors that Washington gained, because circumstances and conditions have undergone such wonderful changes. But there are many of you who can be just as good and great and noble as he was, though you can't all be called the father or mother of your country.

Above all things don't regard our hero as a myth, or saint, or person, who by some divine assistance was incapable of fault or error.

Let us start out with the same healthy ideal which I have described for you. Let us view him as a strong, active lad, with firm ideas of right and wrong, with plenty of conscience, and a wholesome ambition to accomplish great results by every honorable means.

At this very stage in your life, then, profit by his example and take all the exercise your system will stand. Be active students. Active in ball, running and jumping, and whatever you do do with all your might. In the same measure take advantage of the opportunities which the school generously lays before you. With a sound mind in a sound body you will be well equipped for the battle of life.

Then, having gleaned the fact of his athletic prowess, and learning the lesson of self preservation from his efforts in that line, let us turn to another little incident of his life showing a different and more sympathetic side of his character.

There is hardly an incident in this life of incidents which can not teach lessons of vital importance to us children of the McKinley age.

But there is one instance in the life of the boy Washington which strikes me as singularly beautiful and edifying, and that was his love and devotion to his mother. Picture to yourselves a lad of fifteen, with all the courage, ambition, and love of adventure of youth; with his clothes and possessions securely packed in his grip; on the very point of embarking in the ship which his uncle had planned for his future home, starting to be a sailor. Suddenly he stops short in the venture as if some hidden power impelled him back. But neither force, abuse, or harsh chastisement was brought to bear on George. Only a mother's tears. He gave up his scheme for a life on the ocean wave, went back to his mathematics and surveying, and saved himself for nobler purposes.

He had that God-given affection for her who gave him life. His fondness for his mother and regard for her feelings is a touching example for us to follow. Therein lies a valuable lesson. We see from this that devotion to dear old mother is not a sign of weakness, and that a mother's boy can be the nation's boy. Foster in your young hearts an intense love and reverence for your mother, and by doing this your love of country will unconsciously grow strong. The two sentiments go together. The truest loyalty to the stars and stripes begins with the love that binds the child to his mother with "bonds which though light as air are strong as bands of iron."

It is my hope that every allusion I make will but serve to illustrate and make clear to you the qualities which made Washington famous, and which, if you cultivate in yourselves, will make such ardent patriots and such noble Americans that our country may have no fear for the future and the father of his country may sleep contented in his grave.

And so, as we turn from the days of his youth, from that period in which you are most interested and in sympathy with, we cannot but feel that there are many in our midst, who, if they remain true to God, to country, and to themselves, will launch forth upon the sea of manhood in as stout a bark and sturdy timbers as did the hero of the Revolution when he dropped the arithmetic and took up the rod of the surveyor.

Why did Washington take up surveying as his life work? Why did he not choose some other occupation that would prove less dangerous and less arduous? Or why did he select a lifework at all? He had plenty of money, was of good family, and could undoubtedly make an advantageous marriage. He selected an occupation because he believed, and rightly, that every young man should have some business. He chose surveying because his talents and previous training could be used to more advantage in that particular branch than in any other. He had a splendid knowledge of mathematics, a good idea of draughting and a fondness for angles and curves.

So he wisely followed up that calling for which nature and preparation had peculiarly fitted him. Now, what are you going to take up for a life work? This is a very important step in your life's history, and it will either take you up or drag you down or leave you in the position that you started from.

Now you must do something. You boys must have something to work for; you girls must not sit idle watching the precious days succeed each other. Wealth is not the ultimate aim, the final goal of life. We owe a sacred duty to our God, our country, and our parents, and that obligation is to "improve each shining hour" by advancing some worthy aim.

You children may have been reared in the lap of luxury, with money to satisfy every desire. But that does not exempt you from being mustered into service. Your Creator will not allow you to buy up recruits to fight your battles for you. Money is a wonderful power for good or evil according to the way in which it is used. But it never can be substituted for American citizenship. Each one of you expects to follow up some business, trade, or profession. Which are you to elect? Once more Washing-

ton's example suggests a plan of action. It indicates that the boy who spends his spare time in drawing faces, figures, and pictures from life should not be found at the engine's throttle. Nor should the lover of machinery become a dancing master, or those inclined to letters rise up as mechanics. We need the mechanics to build our engines and the literary men to write our books, but we need the right man in the right place. And now another quality of Washington.

"I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me, yet escaped unhurt, although death was leveling my companions on every side of me!" This item was found in Washington's diary. We have the fact from him direct, so there can be no doubt of its truth.

Does not this statement show an unusual degree of courage? Are there many of us who would expose ourselves in battle with the same unconcern as did Washington?

This instance of personal courage during Braddock's march is merely a "drop in the bucket." His life is full of such incidents, and its history is but a story of courage.

In the Revolution the same fearlessness is shown throughout. At the siege of Yorktown his excellency was standing in an exposed situation awaiting the result. Col. Cobb, one of Washington's aids, solicitous for his safety, said to his excellency, "Sir, you are too much exposed here; had you not better step back a little?" "Col. Cobb," replied the general, "if you are afraid, you have liberty to step back."

Courage, moral and physical, is the backbone of success, and we should cultivate this trait to its utmost, at the same time remembering that courage is not foolhardiness. A virtue which combined admirably with this courage was his patience. Courage and patience are a strong combination. Opposition did not daunt nor intrigue affect his action.

Every period in Washington's life is fraught with lessons which should appeal to every side of our character. We can learn a great deal that is good from his business habits. For example, we are told that a certain debtor living at Alexandria made a journey to Mt. Vernon for the purpose of paying Washington

his indebtedness. Not having the precise change his bill was not cancelled and he was obliged to return to Alexandria for the exact amount of the bill. This, on first sight, might appear to indicate a little of the Shylock in his nature, but Washington merely demanded his due and in the manner described.

There is an apt companion story showing the centrifugal force of this exactness. While Washington, with one of his servants, was traveling through New England, a certain inn-keeper submitted a statement to Washington, charging the general with 3s. 9d. and his servant 3s. only. Washington insisted that he receive the same pay for the servant that he did for himself. Here we have the golden rule exemplified by these two different actions. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." There is enough text in these words to furnish matter for a hundred sermons. You fellows must not despise close and strict business methods. It is no disgrace to count your pennies, no cause for shame to show prudence and firmness in your business transactions. The machinery of life, of government, and of conscience will run all the smoother for it.

But here, again, remember that this peculiarity of Washington is clearly distinguishable from anything niggardly or miserly. Did he not support an army of relatives by gifts of money? Did he not support an army of soldiers by the more material gift of generalship and unselfish devotion, and was not this devotion rendered without reward? The story of his life is also a story of generosity.

Did it ever occur to you that we might learn something from Washington's silence? We hardly appreciate the value and worth of silence in its broadest meaning. Now, I don't mean to aver that Washington was a taciturn, cold man when I call him silent. I mean that he was not a boaster, was not given to the use of words for their own sake, and never sang his own praises.

Silence in this sense will tend to make us more thoughtful, more sensible, and more practical.

"Washington's behavior in the house of God was ever so deeply reverential that it produced the happiest effect upon the congregation, and greatly assisted me in my pulpit labors." This is

from the rector of the church at Pohick, and it brings us to the religious side of his life. Can you think of the frequent, heartfelt prayers of Valley Forge and not be impressed by his profound sense of religion and trust in a divine power? From these scenes of prayer and suffering we draw a lesson not to be scoffed at. Religion is ever "a happy influence, a peculiar power," and should not only be tolerated but should be encouraged. Some may ask why? I answer, if for no other reason than that it makes us better citizens. Intelligence and patriotism alone can not save the nation. Religion and morality are the necessary complements. Therefore give your religious sentiments full sway, because these will teach you to see the right, and seeing it, to do it. It will also inculcate in your young breasts a feeling of love and unselfish interest in your playmates and school companions, and this latter acquisition means that you will be true and loyal citizens of the nation Washington founded. By working for the betterment of your fellowmen you will be working for the moral and political advancement of your country, and this is the great lesson to be learned from the life and character of George Washington.

Let me tell you a little story illustrative of his great consideration for the feelings of others, his extreme modesty, and touching kindness to his fellowman. While the general was at Ipswich, Mr. Cleveland, the parson, was presented to him. As he approached, hat in hand, Washington said, "Put on your hat, parson, and I will shake hands with you." "I can not wear my hat in your presence, general, when I think of what you have done for this country," was the reply. "You did as much as I." "No, no," protested the parson. "Yes," said the general, "you did what you could and I've done no more." What courtesy! what gracious wit!

You did what you could and I've done no more. You will notice that I have made no mention of the hatchet, the cherry tree, and "I did it." It seems too bad not to allude to this touching little fable, for it makes a very pretty little tale, and if I had any belief in its truth I most certainly should use it for a text. But this story, beyond a doubt, is legendary. I have endeavored to

treat Washington as he really was, an historical personage, real and tangible.

And what is the value after all of these lessons which we have been trying to draw from this grand life? Simply this. We have a glorious country. It is commonly and popularly spoken of as "the land of the free and the home of the brave." It has had a wonderful beginning, and a still more wonderful development. We have every reason to feel proud of her condition on this the anniversary of her father's birthday. She has taken her place among the nations of the earth and has set a noble example for other governments to follow. But the country can not run itself on its record past or present. It must have something more tangible and substantial to rest upon.

And it rests with you, the rising generation, to say whether our land is to remain first among nations. There is a demand for educated, high-minded citizens. In the market of public worth the conscientious, educated citizen is bringing the highest price, and the demand for patriotic women far exceeds the supply. The situation is in your own hands. Take Washington as your model. Fashion your life after his, and so benefit mankind and American citizenship. Take advantage of education and learning. Then having amassed a fortune, with a happy family and a pleasant home, rest not contented, think of that greater home—your country.

Take an active and wholesome interest in her politics. Everywhere we find living examples of the political shirk. We must destroy this germ of indifference to Columbia's welfare.

We don't want our American men and women to emigrate. We need their money and we need their active services. You and all young Americans must help to weed out corruption and vice and use your right of suffrage.

You can begin at home in your city council. There are men sitting as Chicago aldermen to-day who have had no more training or preparation for the council than that which the saloon and gambling room affords. There are a few such men, without any qualifications whatever, who were placed in some political machine, wound around a few times and when the machine finished

its work they found themselves occupying comfortable seats in Chicago's city council. These men should be replaced by more capable and efficient men. See to it when the power of ballot is entrusted to you that your vote goes for right and the best man for the place. Have a care that only the best citizens can sit in your council, or hold your offices of public trust. Let bribery, boodle, and party spoils burn and crumble away in the furnaces of patriotic fervor. Use your party as a worthy means to a worthy end, but demolish the machine.

Have a care that men of Washington's caliber act as your representatives, and that the merit system alone shall prevail. Mr. McKinley seems to adhere strictly to this principle in the selection of his cabinet. He has honored your city by choosing one of your citizens to guard the interests of the United States treasury for the next four years. The choice of Lyman J. Gage for this office has been voiced by the people, and was not a reward for partisan services or political assistance to Mr. McKinley in the late election. It was a recognition of his high-minded citizenship and ability in finance. Before I conclude this talk, it is fitting that we here highly resolve that our land shall remain first among nations, and Washington shall not have lived and died in vain.

"This oath let us swear by the God who is o'er us,
By the thousands who've lived and who've died for our land,
By Washington, Lincoln, the great gone before us,
The hope of the world, our dear country, shall stand."

PROGRAMME
at the
WEST DIVISION HIGH SCHOOL.

Mr. Frederick A. Smith, Presiding.

Song, "Star Spangled Banner."

Remarks by the Chairman.

Song, "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Oration, "Washington the Citizen," - - - -
Mr. Robert Edwin Olds, Harvard University.

Song, "America."

Oration, MR. ROBERT OLDS,
Harvard University:

“WASHINGTON THE CITIZEN.”

This is the day when a whole nation bows before the memory of a single man. Who that man was, what he accomplished, what his life means for us to-day, are fitting subjects to consider on this occasion. The leading events in the life of Washington can not be too often repeated. They have each time brought to me some new thought and inspiration; and this leads me to believe that we can gain something of value from them this morning.

Washington's public career may be said to have begun when he entered the king's service and won high military distinction in the war which was fought to preserve this continent in the hands of English-speaking people. His training and public services gave him such pre-eminence that when the colonists came to seek their own independence, he was the one person they looked to as their leader. Never was there office less attractive. The colonists, weak and disunited, were to wage war with one of the greatest of earthly powers. The command to which Washington was called seemed more like a forlorn hope than a brilliant cause. Still, he did not hesitate; it was the call of duty and he obeyed. It is scarcely necessary to picture the hardships of that war. The lack of support from Congress and the people, the frequent repulses in battle, the hopelessness of Valley Forge, are subjects I need not touch. When the final triumph came the man who had brought it all quietly disbanded his comrades in arms and withdrew to the life of a private citizen.

Here let it be said that Washington was by nature a man of peace, not of war. The seclusion from public attention, the restfulness of home no man loved more than he. But not long was

he allowed to follow his own desires. Within a few brief years, he was called forth again, this time for a different, but equally difficult task. We deem it the highest of honors to have been the First President of the United States; but that is because we see what the country has become. In 1789, all was confusion and unrest. The air was full, not of hope, but of doubt. Yet, in spite of warring factions and the scoffs of those who doubted the permanence of the new government, order was restored; and when Washington left office, almost one hundred years ago to-day, the nation was well started on its course.

It was natural that after such a career of brilliant achievements Washington should become a national hero, and his name be revered by all Americans. Now, after the flight of a century, we see him regarded as something above and beyond the rest of humanity—a being to be worshiped as almost divine. The halo has at last become so thick that we can scarcely see what it covers. Washington's birthday recalls to the minds of most people little else than the vague phrase, "father of his country," and the story of the hatchet and the cherry tree. Is it any wonder that the historian exclaims, "George Washington is an unknown man!"

It is this tendency to turn a great man into a mythical character that I wish to protest against to-day. The attempt to paint Washington as he really was has been the work of very recent years. It is a work which should go on. And I think we shall all like him better, if we do drive away the halo and begin to realize that this man whom we have vaguely revered was a living, breathing human being like ourselves—that he has his enemies, his likes and dislikes, and could get angry under strong provocation. If we can only be brought so to regard him, we shall surely love him with a deeper love than ever before.

The truth of the matter is that we should look upon Washington as a man—a man who had right ideas of his duty to his fellow-men. In every act he rose above section, above party, above self, and took the broader view which meant the welfare of the nation. After all, if there was any one thing that Washington represented first and last, it was good citizenship; that is what

he stood for in his own time; it is what he should stand for in our time; it is what he will stand for in all time.

* * *

You, fellow-students of Chicago, are making the beginning of an education. Let us hope that it is for each of you only a beginning; let us hope that you will press forward until you obtain all that a university course can give. Thereby increasing your chances of being numbered among the capable and useful ones of a generation. Education will mean much to you; it will mean vastly more to America. This country relies upon and exists by the wise action of its citizens. If they be poorly informed, if they be not good reasoners the country is sure to suffer.

But whatever you do, whether you go on to college or go from this high school into business, one thing is clear; you are to go forth into a life where your responsibility is fixed. You will be expected to perform duties whose importance, when dwelt upon, becomes almost appalling. You are to become American citizens—and that is a serious business. It means for every one of you—the girl no less than the boy—sovereign power. Questions of state, grave national issues involving the happiness of millions of those about you will be for you to weigh and consider. You are to be rulers both of yourselves and of your fellows. This is the only kind of rule that we believe can exist by divine right. The duties of citizenship are sacred duties. Moreover, it should be constantly remembered that the American idea of government is new to the history of the world. One hundred years are all too brief a period in which to judge of its permanency. The system is still on trial; whether in the end it shall succeed or fail rests with such as you.

There have been great crises in the past—storms which the nation has weathered simply and solely because men and women have heard and obeyed the call of duty. War from without and war from within have both threatened the existence of the republic. Yet, at hours when the future seemed blackest, when defeat and disaster seemed close at hand, patriotic impulses have prevailed, and men have stepped forward to swear that this country should not go to destruction, if their energies, their

lives, the sacrifice of all that was dear to them, could prevent it. These men acted as Washington would have acted.

There will be great crises in the future—crises which will demand self-sacrifice as great, views of citizenship as lofty as have ever been called for in the past. Facts that cannot be lightly passed over—corruption in city, state and nation, great strikes and political struggles fought out in this very city—have brought more and more strongly the conviction that the time has gone by when any man can sit down and say that his time and his money are his own, and that he owes nothing to his country. The feeling that things will move along all right without us is a fatal mistake. If the future is to be at all as bright as the past, every person must do his duty. America needs you and me.

More than all else, if the school children of the nation can be made to realize what is in store for them; if they can only be induced to take now, from the start, the higher view which patriotism demands of them—then those who to-day bear upon their shoulders the worries and cares of government can look into the future with confidence, and feel that their present toil is not in vain. That is why the business men of this city think it is worth while to send all over this country for young fellows as near your own age as possible to tell you on this day of days what the whole subject of citizenship means to them—to tell you that it means everything; that the obligations of American citizenship are religious obligations, to be met as Washington met them.

You may not be called upon to endure the hardships of a military camp, or to cross rivers with muffled oars, at dead of night; but you will be brought face to face with dangers just as serious. Great questions of national policy will be yours to decide; great tendencies of society will be yours to further or to discourage. Cases will arise in which you will be pulled at from two directions. Your own interests, your instinct for safety would lead you one way; your country will ask you to take the other course. Then will come the true test. If you are worthy of the freedom your fathers have won and guarded for you; if the example of Washington and those who have followed in his footsteps has any meaning for you, you will look not to section,

or party, or self to guide your action; but you will strive with all your might to do the right thing, as God gives you to see it, by your whole country. In outward aspect, the Washington of to-day is not the Washington of a century ago, but the spirit of Washington, the spirit of good citizenship, remains the same forever.

PROGRAMME
at the
FROEBEL SCHOOL.

Mr. Elbert C. Ferguson, Presiding.

Music, "Hail Columbia."

Remarks, Mr. Elbert C. Ferguson,
Representing Union League Club

"The Birthday of Washington," - Miss Florence Devine,
Hammond School.

"Washington as a Leader," - - Mr. John McCormick,
Cooper School.

Medley of National Airs, - - Mr. Charles Bednorz,
Throop School.

Song, "Morning Invitation," - - Lawndale School

Address, - - - - Prof. Henry C. Cox,
Principal Froebel School.

Music, "Star Spangled Banner."

"E Pluribus Unum," - - - Mr. Bernard Kunckel,
Walsh School.

National Airs, - - - - Orchestra of Boys,
Froebel School.

Oration, "Some Requirements for Citizenship," - -
Mr. George Andrew Barr,
University of Illinois.

Oration, MR. GEORGE ANDREW BARR,

University of Illinois:

“SOME REQUIREMENTS FOR CITIZENSHIP.”

We have gathered this morning because we are patriotic and because we love the name of Washington. We love that name because it brings to our minds the memory of the great father of our country. We love him for what he was and what he did, because he made our country free and made the stars and stripes the flag of liberty and union.

It is right that we should study the life and character of Washington, and the boy or girl who does so and follows the example of his life will surely become a noble and upright citizen. You must not think of him as “away off,” too great and too far away for the boys and girls ever to be like him or really to love him. Think of him as a real live boy, and later as a real living man. If he could be with us this morning, I am sure he would have a smile and a pleasant word for you all. He would remember his own boyhood, its pleasures and successes; for George Washington was a boy much like any of you. His home life was not much different from yours, and his advantages not nearly so good. He had pretty much the same pleasures that appeal to the boys and girls of Chicago, and I imagine if there had been foot-ball teams in those days George Washington would have been captain of the winning eleven. He also had his trials and disappointments like other boys, and many times I suspect he found he did not have half money enough to pay for the marbles and the balls and bats that are necessary for every boy's happiness. So in all these things that make up the real boy—in the love of play, the thoughtlessness, the hearty, healthy, well-meaning roughness that make us all open our hearts to the boys of

to-day,—in all these things, George Washington was just like any other boy.

But he was more than this. He was honest. He was truthful. He was kind. Although he loved his sport, he did not let it interfere with his duty. He never hesitated to do that, however difficult and unpleasant it might be. You have all read the story of his trip through the wilderness, and what a dangerous undertaking it was. You remember Washington was a young man, and the Governor of Virginia wished to send a message to the commander of a French fort in the vicinity of Lake Erie. The journey to be traveled was about five hundred miles through an unbroken wilderness. It was in mid-winter, and the whole territory was filled with savage Indians. Mountains were to be climbed and rivers crossed, "and all the hazards of an Indian frontier were to be encountered." An older and more experienced man was first chosen, but he shrank from the duty. The commission was then offered to Washington, and he promptly accepted it, though his private duties were such as to afford him a very honest excuse for not undertaking such a perilous journey.

He and his companion reached the fort without accident, and although the French commander could not comply with the request of Governor Dinwiddie, he treated Washington very kindly, and they started on their return journey. They were dogged through the wilderness by the savages, and their Indian guide attempted to lead them out of the path. Baffled by their shrewdness and perceiving them, at night-fall, to be tired by their long march, he turned upon them, and at a distance of only fifteen feet discharged his rifle at Washington. But the kind Providence that seemed ever to watch over this great man's life intervened, and he was uninjured. His companion would have killed the Indian at once, but the kind-hearted Washington insisted on sparing his life. They gave him his liberty, and, to escape attack, hastened on, tired and weary as they were. Knowing that the Indians would soon be on their trail, they dared not stop until they reached the Alleghany river, and thinking this would be frozen, they expected to pass over on the ice. Unfortunately, it was

neither frozen over nor wholly open, and their rude raft was soon wedged in among the floating ice. In attempting to free themselves, Washington was thrown into the river and barely escaped drowning, but his great strength and iron nerve did him good service, and with the aid of his companion he succeeded in getting out. They spent the rest of the night on an island in the river, and next morning were able to cross on the frozen ice. The rest of the way was passed without accident, and the brave messengers delivered their report to the governor. I have repeated this long and somewhat tiresome story because it brings out some of the characteristics of Washington's life. It shows that he was brave and strong and fearless. The same qualities that made him a noble boy made him a noble man. The boy that could carry the message through the wilderness became the man who could lead the colonies to victory and make possible this government of ours, that has become the best and strongest in the world. You who are studying history know that when Washington became President, a little more than a hundred years ago, this country consisted of a few colonies scattered along the Atlantic coast. To-day it is among the greatest nations of the world, and her citizens enjoy privileges unsurpassed by those of any other government. But with these great privileges come also responsibilities that demand our attention. Boys and girls, you are to be the men and women to enjoy the blessings of citizenship in this great land of ours in the years to come. It is you who will enjoy the privileges of our free government. It is you who must be responsible for our country's future greatness and progress. You have perhaps heard the story of that old German professor who told his class one day that he always bowed when he came into their presence, for he never knew what great men might be there. But little did he think that in that little company of German students was a boy, who in later years was to shake the whole Christian world. There may be no great reformers here this morning whose teachings will startle the world. There may be no Washingtons or Lincolns of great deeds before me, but every boy and girl in this company may become a noble man or woman and an upright, public-spirited citizen, who shall do his

part, however humble, in guarding our country's honor and promoting her higher welfare. Boys and girls, if you are to perform the duties of a citizen, if you are to keep sacred the trust that will soon come into your hands, you must prepare yourselves for the obligation.

From the life of Washington we learn that he was able to lead the armies of the Revolution to victory, because he had been prepared by the lessons he had learned in his boyhood and youth. We have a school at West Point to prepare the soldiers who are to direct our armies. It is just as important that the boys who are to be the leaders in our political life should also be prepared. And how are we to get the preparation? What sort of schooling is best fitted to turn out strong men and women? What lessons are to be taught and what principles studied? The answer is found in studying the lives of the men whose influence has been felt in our nation's progress.

The stories of the lives of Washington, Lincoln, Grant and a score of others, all point out the way to success. The first thing to be learned is the importance of a strong, upright character. A character that stands for truth and manhood and purity. Boys, you must be truthful. You must be honest, and you must practice honesty until it becomes a part of your very self. For when you get out into the active struggle of life, you will find a thousand influences that will tend to shake your good character, and if you cannot stand the test you will be left by the wayside. The world wants honest men and women, and it does not hesitate to place its trusts in their hands. It wants men and women with "level heads" and true hearts, with sound judgment and noble purposes. "A man is as brave as his purposes and as good and noble as his ambitions." I appeal to you, boys and girls here, to be honest and set your standards high.

Another important thing we learn from these men is courage. If you are going to stand for what is best and noblest, you must be brave, and I mean by bravery what you boys sometimes call "sand." You must have the sand to stand firm for what is right. You must be brave to cast your vote in the interests of progress and reform and never hesitate to do what duty demands.

When you have learned well the duties of honesty and courage, you must also be patriotic. You must study the growth and progress of our country that you may know and appreciate its greatness, and that you may be better able to take up the responsibilities that will come to you as citizens. You must know the great sacrifices that have been made for you, the great struggles that have been necessary to make the stars and stripes the flag of liberty and union.

Honesty, courage, love of country! Qualities of worthy manhood and upright citizenship! Qualities shown by every illustrious citizen whose name lights the pathway of our country's past. Qualities of head and heart which led from Brandywine to Yorktown, from Bull Run to Appomattox, from secession to the proclamation of emancipation and reunion,—exhibited alike by our silent Grant and our gentle Lincoln and our steadfast Washington! Qualities that ever lead to success!

When Washington was called to be commander of the American forces at the beginning of the Revolution, he was living on his great estates in Virginia. He was enjoying all the comforts of a quiet country life. He had already won the reputation of a great soldier, and it would seem that he had little to gain by going into the war. But when the call came he could not shirk his country's service, and like a true patriot he obeyed her summons. Congress voted him a salary for his services, but Washington knew the financial weakness of the states, and refused to accept any pay.

In all these things he was the honest, courageous patriot, doing his fatherland a service by deeds that might inspire us and stir our hearts with patriotic pride. And so honesty, bravery and patriotism must be learned in our preparation for citizenship. But these qualities are not all that we need. Like him whose birth we celebrate, we must be inspired by high civic ideals. In what direction shall our influence be felt? Are we to stand for what is pure in society and upright in politics, or are we to be led astray by the deception of the politician and the intrigues of the party boss? These are questions which you must answer,

and it is to you, the boys and girls, the coming power of our country, that we look for progress and reform.

The dangers of this government are not in foreign invasion. Our enemies are not across the Atlantic. The greatest enemy of America is America herself. Within our own borders are the problems that must be settled. Corruption is the danger signal. Corruption in society and corruption in politics! These are the evils that must be fought, and if a victory is to be won we must have brave, patriotic men and women to carry on the fight. Our national greatness is not measured by the extent of our commerce or the length of our canals and railroads, the number of our great cities or the expanse of our farm lands. True national greatness has its roots in deeper soil. These are the results, not the causes of greatness. That depends on the men and women who make our state. Our greatness is measured by the number of our patriotic citizens, and our wealth is counted by the happy men and women that our country calls her own, and it is for you, citizens of the future, to determine where the limits of that greatness shall be set.

PROGRAMME
at the
GRAHAM SCHOOL.

Mr. Frederick R. Babcock, Presiding.

Patriotic Airs, - - - Graham School Military Band
Music, "Hail Columbia," - - - By the School
Recitation, "Washington at Trenton."
Music, "Marching Through Georgia."
Address, - - - Mr. Frederick R. Babcock,
Representing the Union League Club.
Music, "Star Spangled Banner."
Oration, "Types of American Patriotism," Mr. W. C. Keeler,
State University of Iowa.
Music, "America," - - - By the Audience

Oration, MR. W. C. KEELER,

State University of Iowa:

“TYPES OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM,”

We have met here to commemorate the name of one of the few greater men of this nation; and as we remember the life of the man who sacrificed so much and whose work has left so strong an impress on our history we cannot but feel the appropriateness of recognizing, year by year, the importance of that work by paying tribute to the day that marks the anniversary of his birth. There are so many thoughts which cling about it as we recall its significance. The memory of those earlier days when this country was passing through the bloody transition from colonies to states comes crowding in upon us—the hardships, the suffering, the ruined homes and hearts of the dark days, and the simple pleasures of forest and field and home of brighter times all stand before us as if they were of to-day. And we wonder how men of such wisdom and endurance that Europe stood astounded before them could have been trained in so rude surroundings. The Declaration of Independence has stood a living witness to their patriotism, the constitution of the United States to their wisdom, and the United States itself by its very existence has testified in no uncertain tones to the endurance and sacrifice that made these men of the Revolution, these minute men and their leaders, forget all local differences and give up home and life for what they thought to be right.

And they builded better than they knew. Over a century has passed since Washington took his seat as President of the United States, and our hearts are filled with pride and exultation as we look back over that century and see the marvelous growth in those few short years.

And so because we love the country in which we live and the men who have helped to make it what it is; because we love the memory of those first heroes who were its sponsors, we are met to show our appreciation of him, the greatest of them all. From the time that he assumed command of the armies of the confederation till the day he left the president's chair, his life was a continual service to his country. So great was his service, so magnificent his genius, that as men look back upon him now they are wont to place him upon a pedestal high above other men and take away from him all faults or errors, leaving him a personality to be revered rather than loved. The lapse of time has destroyed his human, his social, his impulsive side, and left him standing cold and stately, isolated from humanity.

But Washington was not so. He was in the best sense of the term popular. In the army men were at ease with him, and yet obeyed him, and in the legislative hall he was the center of consultation, while always non-committal himself. Yet this silent man, going hither and thither and chatting pleasantly with this member and that, was in some way or other impressing himself deeply on all the delegates, for Patrick Henry said: "If you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor." The only difference between Washington and other men was that he was a man "writ large." Sometimes we see him giving away to his anger, and at such times men trembled or fled from before him. Sometimes we see him heroically active, as when he crossed the Delaware on the memorable night of the storming of Trenton. Sometimes, when reverses came and there seemed to be no hope of success, we see him standing before his camp fire,—thinking, thinking, thinking, his face the picture of gloomy solemnity. Sometimes we see him stop for a moment on the steps of the Capitol, a throng of thousands shouting their plaudits, or listening with bated breath for one word from the hero they loved, and yet wherever we find him he was always of the people, but greater than they.

To appreciate fully his genius it is necessary to understand his surroundings. His task was to lead to victory a nation which had

no real government; whose treasury, if there were such, was empty, whose army was one only in name. Men there were, and men whose indomitable spirit brought success at last; but of discipline, the first attribute of an army, there was none. He was to battle with one of the strongest nations of the world, whose money and power were many times that at his command. He was to confront with undrilled soldiers an army of skilled men; and it was with the poor tools of a new and unorganized country that all this work was to be done, and it was with them that he did it.

Step by step he advanced slowly, carefully, shrewdly, sometimes with dark clouds hanging low, yet never despairing, always thinking, planning, working; and finally at Yorktown came the brilliant ending of his military life. As he stood there that night, regardless of the bullets whistling about him, and saw Hamilton and his men on the one hand and the French allies on the other fight out the victory, "who can wonder at his intense excitement? Others saw a brilliant storming of two outworks, but to Washington the whole Revolution and all the labor and thought of six years were culminating in the din and smoke of those redoubts; while out of the dust and heat of the sharp, quick fight success was coming. He had waited long and worked hard, and his whole soul went out as he watched the troops cross the abattis and scale the works. He could have no thought of danger, and when all was over he turned to Knox and said: "The work is done, and well done," and he was not mistaken. The work was indeed done, and Washington, who had gone into the war the admiration of Virginia came out the beloved of the nation.

But if he were a great general, he was no less remarkable as a statesman. In the trying time of organizing our government, it was Washington who exercised the saving influence. In the midst of Federalists and anti-Federalists of the North and the South, in the thick of all kinds of petty jealousies and struggles, he always stood firm and even, never swerving from the policy which led to ultimate success. His dignity and honor, his executive genius commanded the respect of other governments. He was ever a balance wheel of conservatism in the midst of the swirl

of newly acquired powers and privileges. And when at the end of eight years he refused another election, he retired a greater statesman than general. He had accepted the office the beloved of the colonies, he left it the admiration of the world.

Many men there be about whom great things may be written, but of few can it be said, "he brought a nation into life." And yet this man, accepting the task with careful deliberation, carried to a successful end the transformation of a rebellious colony into a respected state. When this is remembered, we can all join one of our great historians as he says: "I see in Washington a great soldier who fought a trying war to a successful end impossible without him, a great statesman who did more than all other men to lay the foundation of a republic which has endured in prosperity for over a century. I find in him a marvelous judgment which was never at fault, a penetrating vision which beheld the future of America when it was dim to other eyes, a great intellectual force, a will of iron, an unyielding grasp of facts and an unequalled strength of patriotic purpose. I see in him, too, a pure and high minded gentleman of dauntless courage and stainless honor, simple and stately of manner, kind and generous of heart. Such he was in truth." A splendid type of American patriotism, whose influence for good was unequalled, and whose policy, had it been followed, might have prevented much of the struggle of the next sixty years.

Among the questions left unsettled by the constitution were slavery and the exact relation of the states to the central government, questions of such vital importance that a conflict over them was unavoidable. The sentiment in the North against the extension of slavery and for the final sovereignty of the United States, had begun to take root with the beginning of our government, and during the first half of this century the mill was slowly working which was to grind out that vast union army to battle for the cause of right and truth. At the same time, the Southerner was maintaining his position in defense of state rights and the institution of slavery. These two forces grew in magnitude and intensity until finally the first warning of the coming storm was heard. It came from the border land between Kansas and Mis-

souri. Here the preliminary movements of the great struggle to follow took place, and here in the little town of Ossawatimie another type of American patriotism appeared—John Brown, and he it was who led the anti-slavery forces.

But this Kansas affair was only the forerunner of a more desperate attempt to be made later. John Brown had conceived the idea of striking a blow at the very heart of slavery, and as a result there marched down through the streets of Harper's Ferry on one October night in 1859 a little band of armed men on their way to the arsenal. This they soon captured, but before the sun had again sunk behind the Virginian hills, John Brown saw his few devoted followers dead or scattered to the winds, saw the cherished hopes of his life vanished and knew that he had run his course at last. Unparalleled in its boldness, this attack on Harper's Ferry! Unexampled in daring this little band of raiders! Yet John Brown did this as he did everything throughout his life, with that calm, cool courage; with that conviction that he was right so strong within him that he challenged the admiration of his most bitter enemies. That his judgment had led him astray no one can doubt, but that his heart was true and his motive pure was attested by all who knew him. While condemning the raid, the sympathy of the North followed him through the few more weeks of his life, a sympathy that was voiced by one of his comrades as he said: "When I remember my old friend lonely, poor and persecuted, making a stand on the outpost of freedom, our own batteries turned against him as the furious enemy swept him away in the storm of their vengeance, I see that history will exalt his name above that of every soldier of the civil war."

He had not much longer to live. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to die. I can see that hero Puritan as he stood there in those last days, a tall old man, slightly bent, dressed in worn black clothes, his step measured and firm, little betraying the age which his hair, tinged with gray, showed. I can see him, as with those gray-blue eyes of his he looked into the faces of his accusers as he told them: "You may dispose of me, but you cannot dispose of that for which I am here. You had better prepare yourselves, you people of the South, for a settlement of this question which must

come up for settlement again sooner than you are ready for it." And John Brown was right, for scarcely had the horror of it all passed away when old Virginia was rent and torn with such civil strife as she had never known before, and that one foul spot on her fair reputation was wiped out with the blood of thousands of her own loved sons.

But he had done his work. He had aroused that seething, boiling mass of public opinion in the North and had started that coming bloody struggle for liberty and union, and when one year later the old Massachusetts Twelfth went marching down the streets of Boston, surrounded by friends smiling through their tears as the dear ones went away to war, it was:

**"John Brown's body lies molding in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on,"**

that echoed back the cries and cheers of the crowd. And the song was taken up by regiment after regiment, by camp after camp, by army after army, swelling into a chorus glad, triumphant, proclaiming the equal rights of every inhabitant of these glorious states of ours. And every time a dying scream went up from some drear battle-field and found its echo in the low moan of some desolate Northern home, it was but another life sacrificed to the cause for which John Brown died. And when at last, the climax of that terrible struggle came and the life of Abraham Lincoln went out, it was but the closing of the scene that had been ushered into history by a simple unlettered, unassuming old hero, John Brown of Harper's Ferry.

A few years went by filled with mutterings and threatenings, and then the storm broke in earnest. It had been long in coming, for over sixty years had gone since the first cloud appeared on the horizon, and so it came with mightier force. Caught in its grasp, whirled from a comparatively peaceful life into its seething center, Abraham Lincoln entered on a career of responsibility and care such as no American had passed through since the days of the Revolution. Here in your own state he had spent that part of his life which prepared him for the strain of the civil war. His history is too recent, his fame too brilliant to need eulogy. His

character was so broad and steadfast, his heart so great and tender, his confidence in his country so unswerving, that when the war closed he was the idol of the North. There are two scenes in his life which show his character—his hatred of war, his kindness, his forbearance better than words can tell it.

On the fourth of March, 1861, a great throng had collected before the east front of the Capitol to witness the most solemn inauguration that had ever occurred. A universal distrust was abroad, and "men looked searchingly into the eyes of every stranger to discover if he were a traitor or friend." Standing in the most conspicuous position amidst scowling traitors with murder and treason in their hearts, was Lincoln, perfectly cool and self-possessed. On this day the very verge of the calamity of four years war he made an appeal for peace, and, as in his clear, ringing tones he said: "The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched by the better angels of our own nature," it was only the ringing out of peace and the ringing in of war.

Once more the President stood on the eastern portico of the Capitol to be inaugurated for the second time President of the United States. "Four long years of wretched, desolating, cruel war had passed. Those who had made the war were everywhere being overthrown, and the dawn of peace was already brightening the sky behind the clouds of the storm." And as he stood there, stronger than ever before because he had passed through the fire, the sweetness of his life was mirrored in these words: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the light, let us finish the work we are in."

Such words show the man's character better than many paragraphs of description. He was a true man, and he stands to-day by the side of Washington a type of true and successful American patriotism.

Washington was a patriot, and his foresight made him successful. John Brown was a patriot, but his rashness doomed him

to failure. Lincoln was a patriot, and his supreme confidence that right would win and that the North was right, brought the war to a successful close. These men lived in turbulent times, but they did what they could as best they knew how for their country, and this made them patriots.

War and tumult have passed away, but the need of patriotism is just as great now as it ever was. This government depends on the quality of its voters for success, and every man can be as true a patriot as these three by doing what he can to purify the sources from which springs our government. Only three things are needful to this end, and the first of these is knowledge of your government, of its workings and of the problems that confront it, so that you may vote intelligently on the great issues for which it stands. And the second is, to believe in it—that it is the best, the truest, the most free of all the governments that man lives under. And the last is, to love your country so that if it were necessary you could make the same sacrifice as did Washington.

To know your country, to believe in it, to love it so that for its welfare you could, like the countless heroes of the land, throw aside all other thought or fear or hope, and with a smile on your face and a cheer on your lips go marching down to death—that is patriotism. That is what Abraham Lincoln stands for, that is what John Brown stands for, that is what George Washington stands for, and, above all, that is the principle for which every true and loyal American citizen stands.

PROGRAMME
at the
ENGLEWOOD SCHOOLS.

Mr. William P. Williams, Presiding.

Chorus, - - - - - Englewood High School

Introduction of Presiding Officer.

Remarks, - - - - - Mr. William P. Williams,
Secretary Union League Club.

Music, - - - - - Englewood High School Quartet,
Misses Florence C. Hutchins, Ethel M. Hinson, Ella
Whitcomb, Charlotte F Hutchins.

Oration, "Washington and Webster," - Mr. Bertram G. Nelson

Chorus, - - - - - Englewood High School

Recitation, - - - - - Miss Maud Crouch,
Kershaw School.

Music, - - - - - Englewood High School Quartet

Oration, "An American Citizen," - Mr. Guy Carleton Lee,
Johns Hopkins University.

Chorus, - - - - - Englewood High School

Oration, MR. GUY CARLETON LEE,

Johns Hopkins University:

"AN AMERICAN CITIZEN."

Ladies and Gentlemen: I deeply appreciate the honor done Johns Hopkins University, which I represent, by the invitation to address you on this anniversary of the birthday of our national hero, George Washington, the greatest American.

It is with pleasure that I look into the faces of this large and intellectual audience and feel that it is in sympathy with all that is best and noblest in the world of study and the world of work.

There is one thought that I wish at the outset to express, and that is, the good fortune of Chicago in possessing such an organization as the Union League Club. An organization devoted to the elevation of political ideals and the bettering of political methods. I admire the singular wisdom of the Union League in presenting its doctrines, not only on occasions of striking appropriateness, but to the younger generation,—to the young men and young women, for on them—for on you—rests the future of the nation; on you depends the fate of these United States.

This is a plain, uncolored truth, and serves to impress you with the tremendous responsibility that you must bear. Yet, boys and girls as you are, young men and women as you are, you have brains; quick, active brains, and by reason of the education you have received you can grasp the situation and realize the difficulties and opportunities with an ease that men and women of earlier times would have envied.

You can see the dangers ahead and can face and overcome them. How? By being practical politicians in the best sense of the word. This is not only possible but it is not difficult, and you can accomplish it by a study of sound political principles and

their application, remembering that theory must be accompanied by practice, and practice must square with theory.

With these thoughts: That on you rests the future of the nation and that you can successfully bear the responsibility, I proceed to a consideration of some of the problems of modern politics.

As the billows of the ocean by their restless tossing purify the waters, so the waves of controversy that agitate our political life give to it new vitality.

Ours is a nation born of the storm and the battle. Wreaths of fire and smoke shroud its birthplace, and through the vista of the ages we see over the difficult, though upward, path of the nation's progress, the clouds of dissension and war rolling back before the glory of the sun of prosperity.

We are a people in whose veins pulses the red blood from an ancestry of warriors. The fiery tide of passion, the lust for the conflict, the fierce joy of victory, that drove our ancestors over trackless seas to conquer and to keep, still stirs within us. Subdued their impulses may be, directed to other purposes they are, but their force has made the Aryan race of to-day the conquerors and possessors of all that is best of the world.

Great things do not come from nations whose ideals have disappeared and whose aspirations have been replaced by a spirit of self-sufficiency. The nation in which action is dead or dormant and a state of coma or uninterrupted lethargy has replaced a state of striving, does little for human progress save to conserve that which was. It is the suffering or struggling nation, the people torn by conflicts of opinion, or threatened by foes from without, from which come great things, great changes which overthrow the rule of scholasticism and tyranny, that give to the world political and religious liberty. So it has been with the United States, reared amid the tumult of battle, educated in the great war between the North and the South. We have given to the world principles of freedom, of liberty in its truest sense, that will live forever. We stand to-day as a nation that has won the admiration of the world because we have peace and prosperity with progress.

What tremendous changes have marked the passing years; what an enormous development has gone on since the ships of Sir Walter Raleigh planted the first colony on the soil of the New World. From a dozen rudely separated settlements, whose few inhabitants were engaged in a constant struggle with famine and disorder within and deadly foes without, there has been evolved a union that reaches from the great lakes to the Gulf and from ocean to ocean. And all this vast territory is fit for the homes of men. It does not lie in trackless wastes of snow-covered plain where the bears, the sole inhabitants, strive with each other for the lordship. Neither does it consist of burning desert sands. No! all but an infinitesimal portion is either in cultivation or susceptible of it; it is all a country fit for American citizens.

There are men alive to-day who have heard the whoop of the Indian and the yell of the catamount sounding in the forest that once grew where we now stand. To-day the contrast taxes belief in the past. To-day the eye sees no more forests, but blocks on blocks of substantial and beautiful buildings. The ear cannot find trace of Indian or wild beast, but hears instead the busy hum of the life of a great city, of the activity of the metropolis, which even its rivals admit to be the most wonderful city upon the American continent.

It is a matter of common notoriety that the great American desert once filled a large portion of the space on the maps that portrayed the country west of the Mississippi, but now the great American desert has gone with the buffalo. The place that knew it knows it no more. Its site is covered with flourishing farms, cattle ranges, busy mining camps, thriving towns and villages, while here and there a prosperous city raises itself.

Thus the years have rolled on, bearing mighty changes. The old life is gone, gone forever. If the forests and their inhabitants, the wild beasts and the wilder men have disappeared before advancing civilization; if the dangers of the western trail are no longer to be feared, there are other dangers to be faced. With growth, prosperity and civilization have come new conditions, and from these conditions new problems have arisen.

To-day the political problem, using the word "political" in the

broadest sense, is by no means the least of those confronting us. It is one that every American, whether man or woman, is bound in honor and in interest to aid in solving.

However much we deny the irresistible impulse which Max Muller has cited as proof of his hypothesis that the Aryan migration was from Asia to Europe, instead, as the majority of scholars are now agreeing, from Europe to Asia, the fact remains that the greatest westward movement of Aryan people that the world has ever seen has taken place within the last fifty years, that is, under the eyes of living men.

The center of population in the United States has with unfailing regularity moved westward, and now rests in Southern Indiana, at a point a little west of Greensburg, the county-seat of Decatur County, and twenty miles east of Columbus, Indiana. It seems as if the nation had been unconsciously seeking its equilibrium, and we are justified in assuming that the center of our union is in these great middle and pivotal states.

For years all history revolved around the cities of the East, for years the tide of life, of wealth, eddied around the great marts of the Atlantic seaboard, but to-day we find that trade as well as politics and population is centering in the middle West.

The importance of the great states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois in the national life was strikingly exemplified in the last campaign. As they went, so went the Union.

Of the political problems to which this development, this extension of boundaries and shifting of population has given rise, we have time to consider but two; the first of these is called sectionalism, and the second the problem of the antagonism of classes. The one may be said to arise from the diffusion, the other from the concentration of population.

SECTIONALISM.

Two striking examples are available in recent history to illustrate what I mean by this term, to show the difference between it and local pride, local feeling, which is not only legitimate but necessary to the development and the maintenance of local welfare.

As the new territories became settled and grew prosperous and populous, they felt the peculiar needs imposed upon them by their environment. The sentimental ties that bound them to the older sections were stretched almost to the breaking point by the strain which the imperative demands of the new life made upon them.

The new sections striving to quickly win wealth and position at whatever hazard, wearied by the conservatism that seemed to hold them back in their race for advantage. The dweller in the border states began to chafe at the control over his private and public affairs that the capital of older states possessed.

When the tide of money and men, that for years had been sweeping westward, slackened. When business began to be done on a more certain basis than in the boom days. When fortunes were no longer made in a month or two, then the bold adventurous pioneer, whose delight, whose very life had been in the mad but onward rush of progress, felt a growing discontent. For them the tide must always stand at flood and now the ebb had come, and to them the times were out of joint.

Then over the West, between the great river and the snow-clad mountains the spirit of discontent hovered, shadowing with its dark wings city and plain. Then the evil days came and the dwellers beneath the shadow felt that the sunlight had been shut off from them and they blamed their elder brothers for the gloom and the sorrow, not realizing that their own familiar spirit was the cause.

Yet they glorified themselves and their dwelling places, they were intoxicated with self-sufficiency. The increasing self-satisfaction was, however, tinged with bitterness, for the memory of the days before the East ceased to be the source of supply was still vivid.

The desire to again profit by the support of the East, and by this term I include all the territory lying east of the Mississippi river and north of the Ohio, grew stronger as needs increased. And when desires were found to be fruitless, then rose an impulse to compel the East to join in a policy dictated by the section lying to the west of the river and east of the Sierra Nevada.

The spirit that dictated that demand was the spirit of sectionalism.

This sectionalistic spirit is not new nor does our Western section possess a monopoly of it. We find it in these Middle States and in the states of the Atlantic seaboard, but whoever founded it is a curse to the section and a curse to the nation.

Its baneful consequences are most apparent in a later stage of its development than is exhibited in the West—a later stage, but unless its growth is checked, a certain one. Its full effect is well illustrated by the civil war.

The virus of discontent, of sectionalism, worked slowly in the South, but it worked surely, and discontent became open quarreling and sectionalism led to its inevitable result—rebellion.

The scourge of war was laid on the South. The West sprung to the aid of the Union; her stalwart sons were found in the forefront of every hard-fought battle; they led the way to many a glorious victory. The war over, and now the West was prosperous, the South prostrate.

Over a quarter century passed. The South stands erect. She has felt the bitterness of death, the white-hot iron of adversity has seared her very soul, but it has eradicated sectionalism. Hard has been the struggle to do so; she has ceased to hate her conquerors, and to-day thanks God for this glorious Union of ours.

I speak for the South; I am of the South, and I love its very soil. I was born where the palmetto bows to the soft sea breezes and the palms shimmer in the moonbeams of a summer night; where the scent of the orange blossoms and the magnolia lulls one to forget the busy, bustling world in the delight of reverie. I am a Southerner, but I love the Union, the nation, for I am an American citizen.

What has caused the forgiving and forgetting? What has caused the blending of North and South? It is the realization that the South cannot and should not stand apart. It is the consciousness that there is a community of interest between all sections of our country. The conviction that a part is not equal to the whole; that sectionalism means disintegration, and disintegration means the destruction of the nation.

That a feeling of sectionalism exists in the West is not unnatural. It is the legitimate consequence of events. But it is not the consequent of legitimate events; that is, of normal development. Its origin cannot excuse or palliate its character. The West must learn the lesson from the South, not in the failure of the South to win in the civil war, for failure or success are not questions of right, but of might. Not then in the past of the South, but in its present attitude to the rest of the Union.

Sectionalism has been fostered, has been encouraged by the very states that now cry out the loudest against it. The evil is not confined to the West and South. For years no section has equaled in selfishness the states of the north Atlantic seaboard. The evil yet exists though the economic danger of the last century has shown them that they can no longer arrogate the dictatorship of the nation.

Thoughtful men have seen the danger and raised their voices against the sectionalism that has given the West the opportunity for complaint.

Already the effect of the warning is apparent. The pride of wealth and the consciousness that the manufacturing interests of the country are, or, as we may almost say, have been centered in the East, are no longer considered legitimate reasons for self-aggrandizement of the East at the expense of the West and South.

The prejudice against all that was not eastern is replaced by the realization that some good may even come from beyond the Alleghanies.

Although from the examples I have presented a definition can easily be formulated. One can easily be obtained from any dictionary. Let us examine that given by Webster. He defines sectionalism as: "A disproportionate regard for the interests peculiar to a section of the country." Thus far the definition is correct; but Webster adds: "Local patriotism as distinguished from national." And here he is wrong. Sectionalism is not patriotism, it is selfish aggrandizement. Patriotism is unselfish and is a noble impulse. Sectionalism is base in conception and operation.

Sectionalism is not limited to broad areas such as the West or the South, though in them its consequences are most plainly perceivable. It is not limited to states or cities, on the contrary, it is so wide-spread that we find it in the smallest city precinct or country voting district. Its very nature adds to its dangerous character, for its growth is silent and insidious. It is bred of ignorance, and when the standard of political education and political impulses selfish. Sectionalism permeates the community and then local patriotism may, before the danger is apparent, become sectionalism. For it demonstrates the ruinous character of a policy based upon sectionalism.

The remedy for this lies in education, and you must be the apostles. You must prove to the world that there is no more South, no more North, no more East or West, but one Union.

But, as Andrew Jackson said, "The constitution cannot be maintained nor the Union preserved in opposition to public feeling by the mere coercive powers of government. The foundations must be laid on the affections of the people, and in the fraternal attachments which the citizens of the several states bear to one another as members of one political family," and we may add that, when the cement of community of interest has been eaten away by the bitterness engendered by ignorance and applied by demagogues then the cohesion between the states is loosened and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. Persons in society may be compared with the states in the Union.

Here then is the field of effort broadly outlined. Promote the kindly feeling between sections and teach the doctrine of forbearance, of reciprocity. This life is one of give and take. First, one gives way a little, then another, and by settling here and shifting there, each finds his place. No one person, no one section can arrogate the possession of all that is best. There are others with equal if not better claims.

We must realize that there are broader and more extensive lines of policy than those that lie on the surface of local politics. We must remember that the prosperity of the locality is dependent on the prosperity of the nation. That, in turn, the nation is dependent on locality. We must, therefore, work for not only a

section but for the whole. This is not a barren effort, its results are fruitful beyond computation. Any other course brings certain disaster.

Another of the phenomena of the great national development that we have described, has been the springing up of cities and the tremendous growth of those existing at the beginning of the century. We can scarcely grasp the meaning or realize the full truth of the abundant statistics that are readily accessible.

With the rise of the cities have come increased wealth and prosperity. These have in most part fallen to the most active and most able men; or, to put it even more plainly, to those men best fitted to succeed. You may talk of communism, socialism, and any other "ism" till you are black in the face and the fact remains that the leaders are men that succeed.

However wealth is acquired it takes time in the getting and it takes time in the keeping. With wealth come cares and responsibilities with which the unsuccessful man is hardly familiar. Their burdens have, up to a recent period, tended to keep all but a few rich men out of politics. It may, therefore, be truly said that the exigencies of modern city life tend to withdraw from active participation in politics, many of the natural leaders of the people.

Not all the leaders are withdrawn, those remaining may be segregated into those who are in politics for "revenue only," in other words the "professional politicians," and those to whom intelligent participation in government is a duty and such persons are, for want of a better name, "practical politicians."

These terms may not seem destructive until I explain that a professional politician is one whose living comes directly or indirectly from politics; to them he devotes the whole or a large part of his time. A practical politician is one who not only understands the theory but the practice of politics, and who strives to adapt political methods to the needs of the times and make politics as practical and business-like as a successful mercantile enterprise.

Though this last class is as yet comparatively small, yet its influence is extending in an almost incredible degree. Its ranks

are becoming filled with the best of our younger generation, and it is particularly noticeable that our schools and colleges are contributing the largest portion of the recruits, and this is most fitting, for a large part of the work of a practical politician is to educate the masses and to curb the classes.

Do not misunderstand the use of this last phrase. I knew as soon as I uttered it that your thought ran to the popular conception of its meaning; a meaning given to it by cheap demagogical clap-trap. You thought of the so-called "down-trodden, oppressed toiler" and the "bloated coupon clippers," as some of your friends may have, doubtless, been called.

Here is another danger that ranks with sectionalism in its pernicious effect upon society and good government. Not only are the arguments based upon empirical class distinctions and so-called class antagonisms, unsound, as the veriest tyro in political economy can prove to you, but they are calculated to overthrow existing institutions and to wreck the peace and prosperity of the United States. That classes exist is undeniable. That classes are naturally antagonistic is false; on the contrary, classes are inter-dependent and co-operative. The student of political science, the practical politician, studies to make class relations more harmonious; the demagogue to make classes appear so antagonistic as to be diametrically opposed in interest, and, by offering a specious remedy, which, by the way, is guaranteed to cure the class he is appealing to even if it kills all others, he seeks to secure support of the grateful though gulled people.

The withdrawal from politics of a large number of the national leaders of the people and the corruption of a larger number who have no intention of withdrawing, has thrown the control of government and especially local government in our large cities into the hands of the "professional politician." It has given opportunity for the rule of the "boss." You are familiar with the evils of the system. The maxim "public office is a private snap" is as familiar, perhaps more familiar, as the text of the document beginning "We, the people of the United States." Through the "boss" and his henchmen the public treasury has been depleted,

public honor has been strained and politics has become a synonym for iniquity.

If sectionalism, antagonism of classes and boss-rule continue, it will be said of the United States, as of England just before the reformation:

"But the time of reckoning at length arrived; slowly the hand had crawled along the dial plate; slowly as if the event would never come, and wrong was heaped on wrong; and oppression cried, and it seemed as if no ear had heard its voice, till the measure of the cycle was at length fulfilled, the finger touched the hour, and, as the strokes of the great hammer rang out above the nation, in an instant the mighty fabric of iniquity was shivered into ruins."

This is the logical consequence of the working out of the plans and principles of the enemy of our national honor and the integrity of our Union. The professional politician whose selfishness has so overmastered his sense of right that he arrays section against section and class against class.

It would be impracticable in the few moments yet available to present even the outlines of any comprehensive scheme of reform. It is, however, possible to leave with you a few suggestions by the aid of which you can either formulate a plan for yourselves or intelligently select one from those presented to you by political scientists.

The key to the whole matter lies, as I have already said, and which I desire to reiterate, in education, and the duty to educate lies with you. It lies with you because of your ability and your training, you need but one other element to be successful, and that is practice. But you need that. Unless you gain it you will, as Carlyle puts it, "be beating your head as flat as a pancake against the rock of the inevitable."

And the necessity of a practical knowledge of politics is strikingly illustrated by the many errors into which reformers fall. For example: It is an error to suppose that all that is necessary to good government is honesty; that to have a good government you only need a clean government. You not only need honesty,

but you need efficiency. No government is good that is not efficient as well as honest.

If a college desires a teacher of languages it does not seek him among successful merchants. If a merchant desires a book-keeper he does not hunt for him among mechanics. But if a community wishes a mayor or a governor it is very apt to select a grain merchant or iron founder because he is successful not because he is acquainted with the methods of government. In this way honesty is got, but efficiency not.

You select a man totally unacquainted with the duties he must fulfill, elect him for a short term of office and because he does not make a success you vote reform a failure. It is not the failure of reform, it is your own blunder. In your desire to get reform, if your theory is not tempered by practice, you think that turning the rascals out is all that is necessary to be done. You call it cleansing the Augean stables. What's in a name? You put in a new set of officials by a spasmodic reform effort and subject them to the same temptations which overcame the set you turned out. Is it any wonder that the new men go wrong?

The usual spasmodic reform efforts remind me of washing a poodle dog. You grab the unfortunate animal, if he does not get away, and hold him under the faucet; lots of soap and lots of elbow grease. Behold the dog is as white as the driven snow. Now you stand and admire your work, but you had better admire him quickly, for the moment the brute can reach the street he will roll in the dirt.

All is not gold that glitters and all is not reform that begins with an "r."

Reforms by spasms is not only useless but is a detriment to the cause. The campaign of political education does not consist of one or two desperate charges, but of a continuous, organized effort.

To recapitulate, to combat the evils of modern politics the forces of education, and education means reform, must, by an organized effort, continuously assail the false doctrines advanced by demagogues, and must bring home to the people a knowledge of political science. And that is not all; the effort cannot stop

with theory. The theory must be put into practice by the reformers themselves.

This is the plan of campaign; who is to carry it out? Who but the young man and young woman that our schools and colleges have prepared for life's contest. The task is yours, and yours will be the glory of certain success that awaits intelligent effort.

Gird yourself for the fray, prepare for battle, go forth to victory, and on the golden tablets of a nation's history will be written the glorious record of your triumph.

PROGRAMME
at the
FRANKLIN SCHOOL.

Music, "Star Spangled Banner."

Remarks by the Chairman.

Music, "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Introduction,

Mr. Edgar A. Bancroft, Representing Union League Club.

Oration, "The Citizen,"

Mr. Allen P. Rearick, Knox College.

Chorus, "America."

Oration, MR. ALLEN P. REARICK,
Knox College:

“THE CITIZEN.”

I have wondered often why it is that the college men of our country are invited to attend and speak at these patriotic exercises. I suppose the reason is two-fold. In the first place it is because of the object lesson which the college men themselves receive, and surely he would be very dull and cold who would not be inspired at the sight of such an audience as this and who should fail to go from this hall with a larger idea than before of the possibilities of our public schools. But there is another reason why we are here representing the colleges of America. As students we all look upon things in general in much the same way. We are young and youth is naturally optimistic. I know a minister who started to preach a series of sermons on “views of life,” and the first was entitled “Pessimism.” I don’t doubt that the preacher knew what he was about, but he did not start with the view of life that naturally comes first. Some boy here remembers, perhaps, how he learned to swim. You were a little fellow, and you were not yet allowed to enter the water, but you liked to go with the older boys and watch them as they tumbled about; and you on the bank tried to imitate their motions, and thought how easy it was and longed for the time to come when you could swim with the rest. You were an optimist; you saw only the good side of the sport. But at length the day arrived when for the first time you plunged in. “Oh what a fall was there, my countrymen!” How cold the water was, what an aggravating way it had of getting into your mouth and nose and ears, and how your arms and legs seemed to get tangled up with one another. And when finally by dint of much floundering

and scrambling you reached the shore again, if you had breath enough left to say anything, you probably sputtered out the opinion that swimming was not what it was cracked up to be. Now the student who is getting ready for the work of life is like the boy on the bank. He is as near as he will ever come to being a spectator at the race of life, and it is only human nature that he should feel that things will be better when he is fairly entered as a competitor. He believes that the world is growing wiser and better because he is growing wiser and better. And perhaps if you and I could couple the wisdom of experience with our advantage in position, we could see something of men's relations to one another, something of the true perspective of life, as we shall be unable to do when we are battling among the waves with our eyes blinded by the spray of our own efforts.

But not only is it to be expected that we as young people will take the best view of things. On a national holiday like to-day it is natural to be optimistic. I suppose that is the reason that when patriotism leads the small boy to celebrate the Fourth of July he is always looking at the bright side of his toy cannon, just as the thing goes off, in consequence of which he wears bandages over his face and hands for the next two weeks to remind him of what he has suffered for his country. Most people are optimists when it comes to patriotism. The American citizen may find all manner of fault with all manner of things in his native land, but it is hard to find one who would be ready to pack up his goods and go to another country to live for any other reason than because he had to.

Now with an audience of young people assembled upon a patriotic occasion, it would be unfitting for me to depress your spirits by trying to picture the evils of our time and demonstrate that the ship of state is drifting upon the rocks. So let us rather look in a more hopeful way at some features of the government we live under, and try to find the grounds for the pride which we all feel in our native land.

I want to talk to you about citizenship; and by citizenship, I mean, of course, American citizenship. The privilege of being an American citizen means to me two things. The first of these

is opportunity—opportunity for success. When a boy I used to repeat to myself with as much pleasure as a silver man quotes from Coin's Financial School, these lines:

“When I'm a man,
I'll be President, if I can,
And I can.”

And I doubt not that every American school-boy has had a similar experience. So even the youngest boy realizes the opportunity for political success that is open to him. But do not misunderstand me. I do not say that all will attain to all this honor. I am even so conservative as to venture the assertion that not over six or eight of those seated before me will ever occupy the presidential chair. But this does not alter the fact that if there is a boy or young man here who aspires to high office and can convince his fellow-citizens of the fact, there is no power of law or precedent to say to him, “Stand aside, for a better born man.” Let me try to sketch for you two scenes. In a palace across the water lives a lad. At his birth bells pealed and cannon thundered. For his education teachers are hired at enormous expense, and every detail of his life is ordered with a single end in view. And why? He is of the royal blood. Custom and law decree that in him and him alone rests sovereignty. Contrast with this another scene. Instead of the palace we have a plain, poor house, almost a hut. Here, too, lives a lad, but no welcoming chime of bells or roar of cannon heralded his birth. Of early schooling he has had little indeed. By day he helps to subdue the forest, learning lessons of self-control and perseverance. Far into the night he studies alone lying upon the floor before a flickering fire reading borrowed books and ciphering with charcoal upon a wooden shovel. What greater contrast than between these two? Yet the second, too, is a prince, and the simple name of Abraham Lincoln will live when all the titles of the other have long passed away. For in the land of one all competition is throttled by the iron grasp of custom, while in the other political genius is given opportunity to assert itself. There we look for the destined rulers of the people among the successive members of a single family.

Here we find the nation's future chief magistrate in a Washington, picking his perilous way through a trackless wilderness; in an Adams, a student and man of ease; in a Jackson, gifted by the hardships of the battlefield with the power of decision which later stood him so well in stead; in a Grant, grinding the bark for his father's tannery; in a Garfield, riding along the tow-path of an Ohio canal. Yes, I say it for your inspiration, in the boy who sits in the hall of this Franklin school this 22d day of February, 1897.

But the citizenship which awaits you means opportunity not only for political but also for material success. I do not need to quote to you an Astor, a Vanderbilt, or a Field. Examples of lesser successes are to be seen on every hand. To all the world this has been and is the land of promise, for here is opportunity for success and prosperity. Some years ago a gentleman of my acquaintance was talking with a prominent professor in a German university. There came a knock at the door, and there was ushered into the room, a raw country youth, who introduced himself as the son of a rural schoolmaster, who wished to attend the university. "Well, what do you want of me," said the professor. The boy asked if he could give him any copying to do, to help him along. "No, I've done all my copying for sixty years and I can do it yet I guess," was the gruff professor's reply. The boy asked if he could give him anything else to do. "No," shortly. "Do you know any work that I could get to help myself?" "No, sir," and the crestfallen youth retired. Some fifteen years ago another country boy came into the town where I live and sought admission to the college. He, too, was poor, but he did not meet with rebuff. Encouragement was given to him, and with an energy that could not be wearied he supported himself during his college course, graduating with the highest honors, and to-day that boy of fifteen years ago is the able president of the college I have the honor to represent to-day. Again, I say, do not misunderstand me. I do not forget that, after all, the way is hard. That there is no success, no attainment of any good without great labor, no "glorious deed or work of genius" without sweat of brow and brain. I know that competition is

fierce and that he who hesitates to devote himself to his task with all his energy of heart and soul is lost in the intensity of this latter day struggle for existence. But what I say is that to the man or boy who is willing to pay the price of success our country offers it in larger measure than any other. No system of military or naval service steals the best years of our citizens' lives. No test of race or faith makes blood or conscience a stumbling block in the way of success. No class distinction, save those which removable conditions have produced, hinders the direction of individual effort. The path up the hill to success is steep and hard indeed, but the gate of opportunity at its foot is open to all.

One other opportunity remains, the opportunity for self-government. The others I have mentioned are, perhaps, only for the few. This opportunity is to every one. The American citizen is a sovereign in his own right. The powers held in the past by patriarch, chief and king in the course of the evolution of government have reached their final lodgment in his hands. Louis XIV. declared, "The state—I am the state," and presently the world was shaken with the protest of an outraged people. The citizen says, "I am the state," and the ancient authority of custom and prejudice is disarmed.

American citizenship, however, is more than opportunity. It is responsibility as well. The opportunity for political advancement means a responsibility for fitness for office on the part of those who seek it. It is related of one of our orators, Lowell, I believe it was, that he was asked on one occasion to speak in the place of Dr. Holmes, who was sick and unable to be present. A friend asked him if he was going to fill Dr. Holmes' place, and Mr. Lowell replied, "No, sir, no one can fill Dr. Holmes' place, but I am going to rattle around it." Lack of sense of the responsibility involved in political opportunity has resulted in many public positions being occupied by men who simply rattle around in them. Boodlers rattle in our council chambers, political tricksters in our legislative halls, indeed nearly every department of government at times seems, if you will allow me the expression, somewhat "rattled." The spirit of Washington occurs to us. Though fond of a country life and devoted to his estate, he gave

the best twenty-five years of his life, without pay, to his country in the field and at the capitol. The responsibility of citizenship calls upon the man of ability, integrity and experience to hold himself ready for the service of his country, at sacrifice to himself, if need be, to insure sound administration and wise management of the public business.

The opportunity for material success has its responsibility also. I used to know a boy who liked to play marbles. Sometimes, I regret to say, he used to play for keeps, that is he kept the marbles he won, or what didn't amount to the same thing, he had to give up all he lost. As the latter was generally the case, he used to be frequently "strapped." I don't mean that he was punished with a strap or anything like that, but he was—well, I see you know what it means. Life is a great game of marbles, in which some win and some, of course, must lose. It has its players who always win, others who sometimes win and sometimes lose, others again who are always "strapped." When I used to attend the public school, some teachers would frequently interfere with our games, others would let our sports as much alone as possible, and then the weaker players were obliged to depend upon strong ones' generosity or else be constantly "strapped." Our country follows the latter example. The strong player is unhindered and in the great game of life may gather in his winnings unrestrained. But he must remember that the government that refuses to interfere with him is also unable to afford assistance to the unfortunate. Opportunity for success means a responsibility toward the unsuccessful. Yet it is possible in our land to find many a man, who, blinded by the vision of his own success, seems to think that the rain falls and flows into the water courses and the springs gush out of the rocks simply to turn the wheels of his mill; who seems to think that the stream of men and women of boys and girls that morning and night flows into and out of his factory exists for him alone. Such a man, it cannot be said too strongly, is un-American. He has availed himself of the opportunities of citizenship, but its responsibilities he has trampled upon.

Especially does opportunity for self-government bring a re-

sponsibility. Every citizen owes his country an intelligent vote. When he exercises the right of self-government he should be prepared to exercise it wisely. This responsibility may even be enforced. A college professor lately wrote, "Sovereignty and its expression through suffrage are rights in posse, not necessarily rights in esse." Now that is Latin, and worse yet I suspect it's law Latin, which, as you know, is just a little more senseless than any other kind. I venture to say, however, that what the learned man means is that every citizen has the right to be a sovereign if he can, if he will qualify himself; but he has no right as a sovereign unless he is fit to rule. We already refuse the insane and criminal the right of suffrage. The time is coming when it will be refused to the ignorant also. For when these schools have had an opportunity to thoroughly reach every child there can no longer be an excuse for the illiterate citizen. The citizen owes it to his country to keep in touch with political affairs, to insist on business rather than partisan qualifications for public office. He cannot escape his responsibility by turning over his share in public affairs to any party organization. If the citizen entrusts his royal prerogative to unworthy representatives, his is the blame. For the citizen is a king. He must assert his right as a sovereign, and to yield his scepter to a party boss is to violate his most sacred trust.

This, my fellow students, is the kingdom which you and I are now preparing to enter. Some this year, some the next, will embrace its opportunities and assume its responsibilities. Soon we will all have advanced to take the places of others who are today in the field. Those who study our national conditions tell us that we shall be called upon to solve questions that vitally concern our nation's life. They tell us of class divisions, of sectional strife, of the accumulation of wealth and the intensifying of poverty. They tell of the race problem in the South and of educational questions. These confront us, and they tell us, we, you and I, as citizens, must settle them. I am not equal to the discussion of these questions, still less is it for me to propose any remedies. But I have profound faith in an educated citizenship such as these schools guarantee. If any power is adequate

to settle these problems fully and finally I believe it to lie in our system of public instruction. If this be true, what a tremendous responsibility rests upon these teachers. You are preparing those who are under your charge to assume a power more absolute than that of the Czar of all the Russias. They are princes of the royal blood, and it is yours to teach them the lessons of self-control and sound judgment that shall enable them to wield the autocratic scepter that is to be theirs, with wisdom and power. Let us all, teachers and students, remember the priceless nature of the heritage that is ours. Here and there among us we see the empty sleeve or limping gait that tells of its cost. The sleeping thousands in our national cemeteries speak in voices silently eloquent of the life-blood that has baptized our citizenship. But who can tell of the silent heartaches of mothers and sisters who gave what was dearer than life itself; who can trace the slow growth in the ages of the past of that freedom whose "birth-right was not given with human hands," that has only here had its perfect work. When these can be measured then can we realize the significance, the priceless worth of our citizenship. Only then will we appreciate its opportunities; only then will we realize its responsibilities.

But no one can stand as I do looking into your faces to-day and feel that this citizenship will be dishonored. Such a gathering assembled with a common patriotic impulse promises only good. The spirit of the immortal Washington would seem to shed his approval over us. Be sure of your ideals. Enthroned as the ideal of your citizenship the prudent wisdom, the sterling honor, the charity toward the weak, the honest indignation against injustice that characterized the rounded character of the father of his, of our country. Thus will you develop that true civic sense which with a steadfast faith in the glorious destiny of our native land, and an unselfish devotion to her service, will make you citizens worthy indeed of this, the greatest city, of the fairest state, of the grandest nation under Heaven.

PROGRAMME
at the
JOSEPH MEDILL SCHOOL.

Mr. Edgar A. Hill, Presiding.

Song, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," - By the School.
"Washington's Inaugural Address," - Mr. Harry Lurie.
Song, "Star Spangled Banner," - - - By the School.
Remarks by the Chairman, - - - Mr. Edgar A. Hill.
Oration, "Washington as a Citizen," - Mr. James M. Eakins,
Lake Forest University.
"America," - - - - - School and Audience.

Oration, MR. JAMES M. EAKINS,
Lake Forest University:

“WASHINGTON AS A CITIZEN.”

It is a singular fact that during the short twenty-eight days of this month we celebrate the birthdays of four illustrious Americans: Longfellow, Lincoln, Webster, and Washington. It is especially fitting that we, as American citizens, should perpetuate the memory of such men as these, and that we should keep before us their matchless deeds as an unfailing source of inspiration, and as a model for all young Americans to emulate. The heroic in them draws out the heroic in us. The intense patriotism and love of right that animated their lives stimulates us to nobler living. The more we study the underlying principles that governed their conduct as American citizens, the better patriots will we ourselves become, and the better will we understand what it is to be an American citizen. In these latter days the character of Washington is brought before us in two very distinct pictures. One would have us remember him as a very commonplace man made great by the very force of circumstances. The other represents him as the man we know, the patriot, the imperial leader, who had it in him to make circumstances and override obstacles. There is no doubt in the mind of the true historian which of these views is correct; and we are content to leave this question to the closest scrutiny and permit the deeds of our hero to speak for the character of the man. “Washington may have wanted some of those poetical elements which dazzle and delight the multitude,” says Mr. Irving, “but he possessed fewer inequalities and a rarer union of virtues than perhaps ever fell to the lot of any other man; prudence, firmness, sagacity, moderation, an overruling justice, courage that never faltered, patience that never wearied, truth that

disdained all artifice, magnanimity without alloy." Washington was born in a time of peace when the plot of colonial history was thickening noiselessly and almost without observation. He was born a Virginian, and raised a gentleman in Virginian society with that race of men who first learned to love self-respect and independence. He was active in the first events of the Revolution, and keeping in touch with colonial affairs, as the plot thickened, and as he grew to manhood, the Revolution found in him a leader and a master of the situation. It is difficult for us to appreciate or understand the colonies as they were in 1732, the year in which Washington was born. England could then number almost 600,000 subjects, scattered along the narrow sea-board from Maine to Georgia. The difficulties of first settlement had long since past and the colonies were beginning to assume the character of old communities. At this time those sectional differences which later caused so much anxiety and suffering were being fostered and matured. It was easy to distinguish the New England colonies from those of the south; and the provinces around New York had yet a different character. Each region was gradually building up its characteristic community, holding its own standards, and living for its own special purpose, with a certain separation and independence. Under such circumstances the different parts of the country knew very little of each other. The mails very very irregular and the postage high. Two stage coaches were enough to accommodate all the travel that passed between New York and Boston. There were few cities, for the people were devoted almost entirely to farming. There were no factories with their noise and smoke, no railroads, no steamboats, no telegraph or telephone, no great daily papers. It almost seems as if Providence had held back these great civilizing forces until the new republic had been launched, so that they might go down through the ages together, hand in hand. Liberty and invention enlightening the world. Under these primitive conditions, Washington marshaled his forces and fought the war for independence. We, who to-day enjoy free government and free institutions as free as the air of heaven, can little understand what a bold step the Declaration of Independence was; can little ap-

preciate what hopes and fears were mingled with its proclamation. One hundred years ago a democratic government, such as we have to-day, was considered a curiosity by the statesmen of Europe. They said it was only little states like Venice, Switzerland and Holland that could maintain a republican form of government. The horrible spectre of the French revolution was fresh in the minds of men and they associated liberty and freedom of conscience only with the bloody guillotine. The great mass of men existed only as subjects of the king. Throughout Europe the aristocracy of caste, with the king at its head, oppressed the common people, defrauding them of their rights, and pointing with blood-stained hands at that long revered motto, "The king can do no wrong."

Separated by the wide ocean from England, and these scenes of aristocracy and selfishness, our forefathers breathed a new air of independence, and amid the hills and forests of the new world, drew in an inspiration of the possibilities of government, a government where public opinion would be supreme. Little did our forefathers realize the tremendous and far-reaching results that were to follow the struggle of the American colonies for independence. The success of the Revolution was a death blow to kings and kingly power, not only in this country but throughout Europe. The forces which culminated in the American Revolution have revolutionized the politics of the world. Popular will is now supreme. Public opinion has modified and reconstructed the old ideas of government. The king has been forced to the background, and the rights of the people, the plain, common people, have been established on a broader and firmer basis than they have ever occupied before. We can never sufficiently admire the wisdom of Washington and the bravery of those unconquerable soldiers who triumphed over King George's army, and thus broke in sunder the bonds which held the liberties of the people. The name of Washington will be associated with freedom forever, and after kingdoms and thrones shall be no more, the name of this man will rest on the lips of all mankind. With the war over a greater work yet remained for Washington. As soon as the common enemy had been removed, as soon as the war

had been successfully terminated, the people of the several colonies saw no longer the need of united action. The soldiers left the victorious battlefields, and going home to their various employments, forgot that it was the united armies that had won the victories. They expressed no desire for union, but, on the contrary, a powerful sentiment in favor of self-government. The Revolution had left thirteen republics, each determined to exercise its own individual rights to the exclusion of all others. There was great need at this time of some central force to bring these quarreling members together. Washington was sore displeased. The great ambition of his life was to unite the colonies under one government. It disturbed him greatly to find so many of his friends opposing the constitution. "I never saw him so keen for anything in my life as he is for the adoption of the new scheme of government," wrote a friend at Mt. Vernon to Jefferson. It was beyond measure fortunate that Washington was so zealous for the new government, for the destiny of the Union hung as by a thread on the decision of this one man. The people had learned to love him and rely on his judgment. His success in the war had given him a place of authority in the thought and affections of his countrymen. He was the one central figure, the rock about which surged the doubts, the passions and the jealousies of a stubborn people. He was a loadstone, as it were, which, by its supreme magnetism, held the quarreling and disjointed mass together. Had Washington hesitated to declare himself for the union, had he kept back his powerful influence, the day would have been delayed and perhaps lost forever. In spite of friends deserting, and difficulties piling up almost insurmountable, he stuck to his purpose and brought union out of separation. Sectional differences and local jealousies were laid aside for the more substantial benefits of a permanent union. On two different occasions Washington sought retirement from public life, but he was destined to spend all his days in service for his fellows. "All the world is touched by his republican virtues," wrote a friend, "it will be impossible for him to try and hide himself and live the life of a private man. He will always be the first citizen of the United States." "We cannot do without you," cried Governor

Johnson of Maryland, "and I and thousands of others can explain to anybody but yourself why we cannot do without you." Washington was known as the great silent man. No one could tell just where his power lay; whether it was the power of the intellect or the heart. He carried conviction more by the force of character and by his actions than by anything he ever said. His great manly form towering above his fellows had about it an atmosphere which repelled doubt and suspicion. When the constitution was assured and congress had set a day for the inauguration of the new government, all eyes were turned toward Washington, and amid the shouts and congratulations of an admiring people, he was chosen the first President of the United States. He went about his duties as President with the same spirit that characterized all his actions. The greatest work of his life was now before him—to set in operation the new government, to make a nation out of the colonies, to establish the constitution and create a spirit of patriotism and public opinion that would sustain it, to give the new nation a standing and prestige among the governments of the world. We honor him to-day because of his works. His deeds have made him immortal. As a man, as a soldier, as a citizen, as a statesman, as chief executive, he gave all that was best in him to his country. If there was one thing more than another which characterized the spirit of Washington, it was his high appreciation of the duties and responsibilities of American citizenship. As a soldier and general, he won the sincere admiration, as well as the transient applause, of the civilized world. As a statesman his character was marked by such breadth of vision and soundness of judgment as to give him a place in history by the side of the world's greatest statesmen. But through the long years of the Revolution, in the midst of the dangers of battle, through the trials at Valley Forge, when the dark clouds of envy and distrust hung over him, Washington, the citizen, transcends and ennobles Washington, the soldier. When the war was over this same great citizen was the most potent factor in bringing the colonies together, and overcoming those sectional prejudices which had hitherto kept them apart. Washington, the citizen, gives worth and power to Washington,

the statesman. This spirit of lofty citizenship is the sacred legacy of Washington to the American people. A citizenship marked by such a broad patriotism as to permit no sectional or private interests to interfere in any way with the best interests of the Union; and combined with this a high regard for duty that rendered no sacrifice too great or service too menial for the good of his country. It is well for us to-day to pause and ask ourselves how we regard this legacy; whether this lofty patriotism and profound regard for duty characterizes the citizen of to-day as it characterized Washington. We have great merchants, great bankers, great scholars, great politicians and great statesmen, but have we any great citizens? On no occasion could we more appropriately bring before you the contemplation of Washington as a citizen. At no time in the history of our country has there been a greater need for a citizenship endowed with this same spirit of devoted patriotism. With the immense growth of commercial centers and the consequent massing of evil forces, the question of municipal government has become one of the most important problems which we have to face. In this day of centralization, when two-thirds of our people are crowded into cities where the best and worst elements of society are massed together, where vice and degradation and corruption vie with the good and the true and the noble, where the examples of dishonest men and dishonorable measures tend to conquer the course of truth and rectitude, there is urgent demand for every intelligent law-abiding citizen to act, and stand by the responsibility of his citizenship. We have forgotten the old fundamental meaning of citizenship, namely: a personal responsibility in the affairs of government. The commercial spirit has so engrossed the energy of our people as to leave too little interest in public affairs. The merchant is unwilling to leave his exchange, the banker his counter, the student his books, to attend the duties of citizenship; consequently there has arisen a peculiar class of men who devote their entire time to politics and who have taken to themselves the management of public affairs. The commercial idea of division of labor has been carried into the sacred sphere of politics, and politics has become a profession, a means of livelihood, a pro-

fession whose ranks are filled for the most part by the meanest and the most contemptible of men, who would traffic in a nation's honor and sell a public trust for a few pieces of silver. It is unfortunate that so many of the American people have forgotten their obligations as citizens. It is not a privilege, but a duty to participate in public affairs. Each citizen is responsible for the well-being of his community. If the sober, intelligent, law-abiding citizen refrains from taking an active part in politics, if he ignores his duty as a citizen, how can the affairs of the government be otherwise than corrupt and dishonorable? If we are to preserve the honor and integrity of this nation, the honest and upright portion of the community must assert itself and become animated by the citizenship of Washington, and put in operation those principles which he held most vital for the welfare of the nation. The mission of this day is to bring before you, as students of the public schools, this lofty idea of citizenship; that you may become imbued with the spirit of Washington and filled with the thought of political responsibility, you who are soon to leave the public schools and engage in active life. Some one has said the true grandeur of a nation is in her young men, and no truer statement was ever made. The star of hope rests over the young men and young women who are graduated from the public schools of America. In your hands rests the responsibilities of the future. I believe you will stand true to your trust, and serve your country as noble Americans. The past has been a period of war and of force. There awaits for us in the future, the victories of peace. The past is represented by the Grand Army of the Republic, the future by the mighty army of the public schools. Last September I saw the Grand Army of the Republic in its annual encampment at St. Paul, and I was filled with pride and admiration at the sight of those old battle-scarred veterans who had fought so devotedly, and suffered so much for their country. As those old soldiers passed before me, proudly marching to the music of fife and drum, I saw in the same streets another army marching as did those old veterans; but instead of guns and swords they carried books and slates; and instead of fife and drum they marched to the sound of merry laughter. It

was the mighty army of the public schools, the successors of the Grand Army of the Republic, the army that is to lead this nation to the highest possible civilization, and win the victories and fight the battles of the future.

PROGRAMME
at the
KNICKERBOCKER SCHOOL.

Mr. A. A. McCormick, Presiding.

Music, "Hail Columbia," - - - - By the School.
Patriotic Recitation, - - - - Miss Daisy Koelling.
Music, "Red, White and Blue," - - - - By the School.
Reading, - - - - Mrs. W. H. Hubbard.
Music, "Battle Hymn of the Republic," - - By the School.
Recitation, "Kentucky Belle," - - Mr. Frank Smith.
Patriotic Medley, - - - - Mrs. W. H. Hubbard.
Music, "Star Spangled Banner," - - - - By the School.
Oration, "The Coming Patriots of Chicago,"
Mr. Will E. Bennett, Northwestern University.
Music, "America," - - - - By the School.

Oration, MR. WILL E. BENNETT,

Northwestern University:

“THE COMING PATRIOTS OF CHICAGO.”

On the fourth day of December, 1783, a number of distinguished soldiers were gathered in Fraunces's tavern, in New York City, listening to the address of their general. For six years these veterans had followed in the cause of freedom, and now he was about to bid them a last farewell, and as he looked upon his faithful friends, his usual self command deserted him, and he could not control his voice. Holding a small glass of wine in his hand he uttered these simple words, "With a heart full of love and gratitude I now take my leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." The toast was drunk in silence and then the speaker continued, "I cannot come to each of you and take my leave, but shall be pleased if you will come and take me by the hand." One by one they approached, and he grasped the hand of each and embraced him. His eyes were full of tears and he could not trust himself to speak. In silence he bade each and all farewell, and then, accompanied by his officers, he walked to Whitehall Ferry. He entered his barge; the word was given, and as the oars struck the water he stood up and lifted his hat. In solemn silence his officers returned the salute, and then watched the noble and beloved figure of their chief until the boat disappeared from sight beyond the point of the battery.

That man was George Washington, whose memory we are met to reverence this morning. And as we are gathered within these halls of learning, listening to such songs and words of patriotism, reflecting on the historic glory of our nation, and inspired by the

hopes of future progress, surely this is a most appropriate time to remember and to revere.

We are citizens of a great and growing nation, where free thought and free speech herald the dawn of the highest development man can anticipate. From the center of this great nation, we can turn our eyes toward the west and look upon a vast territory populated by sturdy manhood, with sinews strong, and hearts brave, to uphold the cause of freedom; we can look toward the east, and behold culture and learning, many and noted universities, where the minds of men are being developed for the giant tasks of the future; we can examine the great city in which we live, and note the effect of combining these two powers, in the noisy factories where the busy wheels of industry unceasingly revolve, in the magnificent buildings dedicated to art and to literature, in the stately cathedrals of worship, and grandest spectacle of all, in the mighty intellects beginning already to brood over and to understand the problems left for this age and this country to solve.

Turn back from this picture for a moment to the scenes which must have met the eye of Washington when first he looked upon the nation's life from his plantation home in old Virginia, and ask again if this is not indeed a day for reverence. For while all these new blessings have come to be ours to-day, we must remember that the credit is not due to us. All that the present brings, we owe to the heroes of the past who have lived and died for liberty and for progress.

Boys and girls, men and women, can we realize the great debt of gratitude due to our forefathers? I might picture for you the vast expanse of wilderness, three thousand miles from east to west and two thousand miles from north to south as it lay in 1620, drear and desolate. I might describe the landing of the pilgrim fathers; the colonization of Virginia; the deadly conflicts with the native savages; the French and Indian war; the Revolution; the establishment of our national government; the transformation of villages into cities; the development of our railroad systems; the growth of literature, culture and politics; but

you know too well the story of America's progress toward the van of nations.

Let us rather strive to learn the secret of this remarkably rapid development. We have said that it is the result of the thought and the labor of great men. Washington, and Adams, and Jefferson, and Hamilton, and Lincoln, and Sherman, and Grant, these names will ever stand in history as symbols of that noble character which has built up and maintained this land of promise. It is in the character of these men that we find an explanation for our country's growth, and if we would build rightly upon the foundation so nobly begun, we must know and strive to emulate their character.

And do you ask how it is possible to emulate the character of so many men? By fixing our attention on the man who shines forth, not only in the eyes of his own people but in the eyes of the whole world, as their leading representative. For, towering above statesman, soldier, and diplomat, stands one supreme figure, summing up in himself the best of their character. To him we may look as the perfection of that type of manhood striven after in the days of our nation's greatest progress.

Need I portray the honor paid him by his countrymen? The very spirit of the day proclaims it. Listen rather to the tribute wafted from across the ocean. Lord Erskine says, "Washington, you are the only being for whom I have an awful reverence." Charles Fox exclaims, "Illustrious man, before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance." And Gladstone summarizes all judgment when he says, "The purest figure in history." America may well be proud to have furnished to the world the character of Washington. His is indeed a name to be revered; a name at which comparison ceases; a name combining in its associations all that was most pure and godly in the nature of the pilgrims, with all that was most brave and manly in the character of the patriots; a name above every name in the annals of human history."

So, when we emulate his character, we are emulating the summation of the characters of all great men.

Yet, we have learned, thus far, but part of the secret of our

nation's progress in the past. If we would realize all, let us prepare a canvas, and paint thereon the picture of every great man in American history. No one will deny to Washington the middle place; surround him by the patriots of the Revolution—the stalwart Ethan Allen, the eccentric John Stark, the gallant Prescott, the stubborn Putnam, the mad Anthony Wayne, the prudent Greene—and the diplomats and statesmen of his early government; and then gazing upon this splendid group of America's noble sons, realize at last that his was an age of greatness. Not Washington alone, but all these contemporaries were great, and why? From the distance of an hundred years comes back the answer, Because the mass of the people was great. Friends, our picture can never be complete until we paint about and around that group of soldiers, and statesmen, and diplomats, the mighty host of America's common people. Now do we know the whole secret of our past development—a nation strong in principle and in high ideals. Let us grasp this scientific truth to-day, that Washington was simply the consummation of the spirit of his times; that his character was determined largely by the character of those around him; that because of their influence it may be said of him "that whatever names, illustrious in the past, have paled in the sunlight of the nineteenth century, the name of Washington stands with undimmed brightness, and shall ever stand revered alike by sovereign, diplomat, and people."

My young friends, do we want to see men of Washington's greatness in our generation? If so, our duty is to determine that each of us, as an individual, though he be but one of the great mass of the nation, shall know and cultivate the high ideals of our fathers.

And we need great men to-day. The age demands them. There are problems to be solved within your lifetime of greater import than any problems of the past. There are dangers threatening our beloved country the like of which no generation ever saw before. Although war no longer stares us in the face, yet monsters no less black and no less hideous do stand across the pathway of this nation's progress ready to defy the best brain and

best blood of America's youth. And we must face them. It is not the pessimist that looks danger fairly in the face and seeks a remedy. It is the coward, or the fool who says, there is no danger. You have probably heard already something of the strife between capital and labor; of the widening gulf of social distinction between the rich and the poor; of the great saloon problem; of the misery and distress of the degraded men and women of the slums; and of these you will hear more in the future. I offer this prayer: with my eyes turned toward these stars and stripes, and my hopes centered upon the children of this generation, I pray that we may live to celebrate the day when other Washingtons, inspired by the sentiment of the masses of the people, shall lay these monsters forever in the dust.

But to us who are citizens of this great city comes a more direct appeal. Chicago has a population half as large as that of the thirteen states of which Washington became president; last November, Chicago cast more votes than any other city in the United States; it was in Chicago that the world chose to build its magnificent "White City:" it is here that foreigners are flocking; that factories are building; that railroads are centering; and America is looking; looking to behold the pride and glory of our modern civilization. Chicago is truly destined to become the metropolis of the new world. And, as America's greatest city, it should be looked up to as her model city. It should be, and is already to some degree, the center to which all nations come to learn the status of social, economic and political life in this great country of freedom.

Are we willing to have our country judged by the condition of this city to-day? We are proud of the wonderful growth of our city. We have great hopes in her future. But we must be honest enough to admit that those hopes can be realized only by examining the evils of the present, and by determining that they must and shall be eradicated. The death-rate in Chicago from crowded tenements and filthy sweat-shops is greater than that of any other city; her water supply is both inadequate and impure; many streets are becoming useless because of poor pavements, while the generous gifts of franchises by our city council have closed

several more to the use of the people; we have but few parks so situated as to be of real benefit to the laboring classes, such as are found in every crowded city across the Atlantic; but we have a tax system which is a disgrace to any civilized country; we have a system of bribery which pervades every department of official trust, where political subserviency is the condition on which places of honor are to be won and retained, where characters are ruined by the thousands, and where these ruined characters are so placed that their depraving influence may permeate every class of society.

We cannot stop now to explain all the extenuating circumstances of the situation. It is enough to-day that we be warned of the danger. And believe me, boys and girls, the question of city government must be studied and solved by the coming patriots of Chicago, or America's brightest jewel shall become her drowning stone.

Many solutions are offered to the problem. We are told to pass measures placing more power and responsibility in the hands of the mayor; we are told to abolish township organization; we are told to make the limits of Chicago and Cook County co-extensive; and these measures are good. But the objection to them is that no man is so sure that they are good, that he will risk his reputation and his life, as Washington did, to carry them into effect.

What we need to-day is a city full of earnest men, determined to find a scientific solution to this great problem. Reform is needed, but all reforms are the result of the study, and struggle, and sacrifice of great men. Measures are necessary, but they must be right measures; and as long as men investigate the problem in the thoughtless and unscientific manner in which many seem to be attempting it to-day, the right measures will never be found. Until we find men who will show the same disinterested zeal for the truth, the same determined purpose to know the facts, and the same intellectual acumen to distinguish the remedy, as Washington showed in the first great crisis of our nation, we may never expect to realize the right measures.

Have I painted too discouraging a picture? Let me imagine

another. I look into the future, to the time when men have realized that a definite study of the question of city government is necessary, and I see a new Chicago, with sweat-shops abolished and tenements clean and healthful; with small parks built in the most beneficial places; with streets paved and no longer usurped by railways; with pure and adequate water supply; with a just and workable tax system; and with a government which does not tempt men to corruption.

Such a city Chicago may become if all her citizens will but exhibit the same characteristics in the investigation of her present evils which were ever manifested by the patriot whose birthday we are met to reverence to-day.

Washington has given the world a new idea of greatness. There was nothing in him to dazzle as in Napoleon; he was no orator like Demosthenes; he did not claim the wisdom of Bacon or Macaulay; he never had the genius of a Shakespeare; but he did have a personality so practical that he was able to accomplish whatever he undertook to do. Unselfish devotion to his country, a definite purpose, and practical intelligence, these were the characteristics which combined to make our Washington. Practical intelligence and a definite purpose, directed by unselfish devotion, must be the motto of the future patriots of this city.

There are many such men in Chicago to-day—men who are zealous, determined and thoughtful in regard to the present dangers confronting our city, but the reason why they are not more successful in their labors is because they are not supported by the sympathy and thoughtful encouragement of the masses of the people. Let every youth of Chicago adopt this motto, and the future will see the true solution of all our present difficulties, and in a few years we may look out upon that new city which I have pictured to you. Dwell upon these characteristics in your thoughts and they shall be yours.

Unselfish devotion! Who can think of the sacrifice of all the heroes of our past, and of the blessings which have come to us through their sacrifice, and not be inspired to unselfish devotion for the sake of future progress?

But we may devote ourselves to the nation's progress until our

hair turns white with age, only to find that we have exerted our energies to no avail, unless we confine our efforts to a definite purpose. This is an age of specialties. We no longer find successful "jacks of all trades." It is a time when men are taking for their motto these words of an illustrious author, "Know a few things about everything, but everything about one thing." If we are to succeed in anything to-day, we must have one prevailing purpose, one end to which all others are made subservient. And to determine upon some definite purpose in life may well be the highest ambition of every student of every school within the limits of this civilized world.

Boys of Chicago, what is to be your purpose in life? Will you think deeply about this question in connection with the municipal dangers of which I spoke? The time is ripe when thorough students of the science of government will be appreciated, and the boys, who at the age of twelve or fourteen purpose to become such students, may expect to see their labors crowned with success.

It will be no easy task. The victory must be won after many a strife and conflict. Wars have ceased, but battles, of such a nature as to tax the moral strength of the warrior far more severely than any of the past, are yet to be waged. We are living in an age of intellectual forces and the battles of the future are to be fought with the sword of reason, and the patriot of the coming time is to be the man who conquers on the bloodless field of thought.

Yet this truth ought to cause no American youth to hesitate, for we, of all peoples, should be prepared for such a conflict. It may be taken for granted that the coming men and women of this nation shall have the proper weapon of attack; for with universities rearing their stately forms near every center of population, with public schools in every village throughout the land, and printing presses dropping leaves into every hamlet, what right has any American youth to a patriotism not illumined by intelligence.

Decide, then, in the spirit of true devotion, that the scientific reconstruction of the government of Chicago shall be your purpose and, while it may be that few here will ever be conspicuous in the final solution of the problem, you may all feel, when at last

the new and glorious city is revealed, that it was because you were zealous in a definite direction, because you added some information and much inspiration, that the man was found who through struggle and sacrifice and discouragement worked out the right solution. And while your name may not be the one to be placed, by the greatful citizens of this metropolis, beside the names of Lincoln and of Washington, you may rightly feel that the greatness of the one so honored is simply the measure of your greatness.

God grant that the boys and girls of this generation in Chicago will be so earnest, so determined, and so intelligent, that it may be possible for such a patriot to arise!

But as we labor and strive for the accomplishment of this noble purpose, let us remember that our ideal did not his work in his own strength alone, but that ever through discouragement and defeat to victory and honor, Washington held firmly the hand of that God who was his protector as he was in turn the protector of his people. And while we revere the memory of Washington and mourn his death, let us not forget that this same God still lives to guide the children of his chosen land. And as we feel the sacred influence of this historic day; as we gaze in reverence upon the portrait of our nation's hero; as we see his flag and ours with more stars attached than ever before; as we reflect upon the wonderful possibilities of our country, yet recognize the dangers now threatening her future development; shall we not bow before the true protector of her future greatness and offer up this simple prayer: "That the God of Washington may bless us and guard and keep our fatherland."

PROGRAMME
at the
DOUGLAS SCHOOL.

Mr. Edson J. Harkness, Presiding.

Music, "Hail Columbia."

Remarks by Chairman, - - Mr. Edson J. Harkness

Music, "Star Spangled Banner."

Introduction.

Address, "Washington and his Farewell Address,"

Mr. B. H. Ames,
University of Michigan.

Chorus, "America."

Oration, MR. B. H. AMES,

University of Michigan:

“WASHINGTON AND HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS.”

This day, we celebrate, revives the memory of a man who more than any other man of his age, gave to America and to the world, a worthy example of incorruptible manhood; of a statesman, who more than any other in that century of brilliant statesmen, comprehended the problems and understood the needs of his time; of a seer who more than any other penetrated the secrets of the future and discerned the destinies of his people. Looking back over the history of our country, the lines of perspective converge upon Washington. He was the director of that succession of momentous events, which established upon American soil, the doctrine of Republicanism, with its accompanying idea of political equality, as a feasible basis of government. “First in war,” he kindled the fires of a recreant patriotism and from undisciplined farmers forged an uncouth weapon of freedom that did grand service for its cause at Saratoga and Yorktown. “First in peace,” he nursed the spirit of combination, incited the warring states to union, led the convention that framed the constitution, “the grandest instrument ever struck off in a given time by the wit of man,” and, as the first president, through his administration of the government, announced to the world the birth of a new nation, unique and independent, which was to settle for all time the practicability of popular sovereignty. “First in the hearts of his countrymen,” he stands to-day, after more than a century, unsurpassed in wisdom, unequaled in sagacity, transcendent in statesmanship.

In no place are his extraordinary prescience, his marvelous insight and his wonderful mastery of political and social affairs more

conspicuously exhibited than in his "Farewell Address." As an instrument of primary importance in shaping history, this document stands side by side with the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. To it every patriotic citizen, who would learn the means of our development in the past and the possibilities of our growth in the future, would do well to have frequent recourse for inspiration. A careful and reverent study of its suggestions and admonitions will start afresh the springs of devotion to country and cause the desert of apathy to public responsibility to blossom with renewed allegiance to the duties of citizenship.

The keynote of this address is a grand Americanism, and the basic principle of that Americanism is a strong federal unity. For unity Washington always pleaded, with pathetic earnestness, from the time he unsheathed his sword at Cambridge, in obedience to the summons of the Confederate Colonies, to the day, when, before the representatives of the nation he had made possible and established, he delivered his "Farewell Address" and closed his public career. In a higher degree than any of his contemporaries he realized the possibility of a glorious national existence through unification, and the certainty of absolute dissolution through the attempted perpetuation of the Confederacy. "It is as clear to me as A B C," wrote he in that period of awful suspense immediately following the close of the Revolution, "that an extension of the Federal powers would make us one of the most happy, wealthy, respectable and powerful nations that ever inhabited this terrestrial globe. Without them, we shall soon be everything that is the direct reverse. I predict the worst consequences from a half-starved, limping government, always moving upon crutches and tottering at every step."

In order to appreciate the debt of gratitude we owe to Washington for promoting the growth of this spirit of Americanism, it may be expedient to notice briefly the startling contrast existing between our present condition, as a strongly centralized nation, and the sordid localism and sectionalism that prevailed in Washington's time, as a direct consequence to the continental polity and of the popular sentiment characterizing that era.

"The Confederation," as Chauncey Depew says, "was a government of checks without balances and of purpose without power." Its legislative assembly was the Continental Congress, to which the states, by their legislatures, elected delegates, and in which the delegates represented, not the unified law making power of the nation, but the sovereignty of their respective commonwealths. In this congresssional body, all the states had an equal power to influence legislation, without regard to extent of territory or number of population. The votes of nine states were required to pass a bill and five could obstruct legislation. Congress could neither levy taxes nor impose duties nor collect excise. For the support of the army and the maintenance of the navy, for the conduct of war, for the preservation of its own functions, it could only make requisition upon states, and it possessed no power to enforce the execution of its petitions. There was no central executive power, no supreme court of universal jurisdiction, and no strictly national authority. A few of the states supported the government in a desultory manner, and some of them openly defied it. Local and sectional interests predominated over national interest. Each state had its own seaport and levied discriminating duties against the others. The government had no credit because it had no power to fulfill its promises. It commanded no respect because it possessed no innate authority. It derived no legal power from the people and could refer no question directly to the people for settlement. It was the creature of the legislatures and accountable to the legislatures. It was the shadow of a shadow, and its influence existed solely in its name.

Such was the organization that commissioned Washington commander-in-chief of the army, and pledged to his support the lives, the property and the available strength of the American people.

And what was the army, which, convoked by the guns of Lexington and Concord, Washington found opposed to Howe at Boston? It was a motley concourse of farmers, without uniformity in arms and accouterments or regularity in discipline, and without any recognized head. It was not a military assembly, ordered and

arranged in brigades, regiments and companies, with officers graded from general to corporal, according to ability, and experience, but a heterogeneous conglomeration, consisting of bands of minute-men, officered by popular favorites, who had been chosen without consideration of their fitness for military command. There was no commissary department and no stipulated pay. The troops subsisted, not by reason of national appropriations, but by contribution from surrounding farms, and fought, not because they had enlisted in a national army to repel a nation's enemy, but because they had sworn to protect their homes from the encroachments of a local invader. Even this confused array was not constant in numbers nor stable in composition. Whole companies daily yielded to others, or forsook the patriotic duties of the soldier to return to the mercenary pursuits of business. And private soldiers were hourly dispatched to manage the private affairs of their superiors. As Congress was the reflection of popular ideas and characteristics, so the army was the counterpart of Congress. Both were created and supported more by sectional than by national interests. As the wave of war rolled from state to state, the yeomanry of each commonwealth rose to stem or divert the tide, but, when the destructive flood passed beyond the confines of their respective province, the majority returned to their civil vocations and left the army to be recruited anew from the sections still in its path. Reorganization was imperative, and here Washington first inaugurated his struggle for unified and harmonious action in a common cause.

At his injunction Congress called upon the states for additional troops, and voted supplies and munitions of war. But the repeated enlistments were for such limited periods of service and the supplies and contributions were furnished with such habitual procrastination and with such unpatriotic parsimony, that during the whole period of the Revolution, Washington never had a sufficient force of his fellow citizens, adequately equipped and efficiently disciplined, to check the aggressions of the enemy. In their feeble force of inexperienced militia, constantly dwindling away, in the apathy which the people, as a whole, evinced toward independence, in the powerlessness of Congress to raise money,



create an army, or procure supplies, in its general inability to fulfill its promises at home or to acquire prestige abroad, in the depreciated currency which impelled his soldiers to mutiny and prostrated the national credit, in the humiliating spectacle of the American cause surrendered on American soil to the protection of foreign arms, because of the pitiable inefficacy of the American Congress and the disaffected inactivity of the American people, Washington realized the value of unity and discerned the importunate necessity of a strong central government, backed by an irrefragible federation of states. What ingratitude could be more shameless than that of a people unwilling to leave their gainful pursuits and sacrifice their property to aid a commander who, refusing all remuneration, had relinquished his patrimony to the care of strangers and was devoting his life, his talents and his possessions to save their liberties and to establish their sovereignty?

The period of actual conflict for autonomy past, the stress of common danger which had enforced partial combination, became inoperative, and states and sections, emulous for their individual supremacy, and jealous of centralized power, not only ignored the recommendations of the Continental Congress, but enacted laws hostile to their sister states. National bankruptcy was a condition; civil strife was imminent; lawlessness and insurrection were rife. New York repealed the act giving to the general government the customs of her port, erected her own custom house and instituted her own tariff. A question of disputed boundaries was impelling New Hampshire and Vermont to the verge of fratricide. Foreign commerce had been destroyed by war, and internal commerce was falling off, because of the antagonistic laws of state against state. Continental paper was sold by the pound. "The national debt was counted in millions and the funds for its payment in pennies." Credit was ruined; a loan of four millions was promoted and \$300,000 was the most that could be obtained. Merchants were insolvent; farms were mortgaged; labor was unemployed. States violated treaties which the honor of the nation was pledged to respect and fulfill. There was no power to raise revenue for the expenditures of a central government, or to pro-



vide for the common defense, though individual states on their own responsibility could call down upon the country the vengeance of foreign arms. Said Washington, "I see one head gradually changing into thirteen; I see one army branching into thirteen; which, instead of looking up to Congress as the supreme, controlling power, are considering themselves as dependent on their respective states."

With characteristic diligence and resolution, Washington labored to check the tendency towards disruption, and to educate public sentiment in favor of solidification. The long and difficult process of development, by which thirteen straggling communities, each cherishing its individual sovereignty and distrusting centralized power, were transformed into a strong and respectable nation, was initiated by him. He alone possessed the influence requisite to command the attention of the masses and to carry conviction to those in power. His ideal was a harmonious, fraternal and united people, which, advancing in prosperity and progress, should shape the destinies of a Republic stretching from sea to sea, and he began to impress the idea upon the minds of his countrymen, by calling attention in his conversation, public addresses and correspondence, to the necessity for consolidation.

To Hamilton, he wrote, "It is clearly my opinion, unless Congress have powers competent to all general purposes, that the distresses we have encountered, the expenses we have incurred, and the blood we have spilt, will avail us nothing." His circular letter to the governors of the states, written at the close of the war, lays down the two following propositions, "as essential to the existence of the United States as an independent power:" "First, an indissoluble union of the states under one federal head," and, "the prevalence of that pacific and friendly disposition among the people of the United States which will induce them to forget their local prejudices and policies; to make those mutual concessions which are requisite to the general prosperity; and in some instances to sacrifice their individual advantages to the interests of the community." In his last address to the army, he presents the opinion, "that unless the principles of the federal government were properly supported, and the powers of the Union increased,

the honor, dignity and justice of the nation would be lost forever."

Finding public opinion disinclined to favor his views, he compared the people in their false security and selfish disregard of the national welfare, to a young heir who wasted his inheritance in wanton riot, and he sought methods of promoting combination, more suited to the careless inertness and self-centered provincialism of the time. He appealed to the commercial spirit of the age, by the establishment of the "Potomac and James River Companies," hoping in this way to bind the great empire of the West to the East by the permanent tie of a solid and compact population, stretching from the seaboard to the Mississippi, and thus securing that great artery of commerce against the encroachments of England and the machinations of France and Spain. With extraordinary adroitness he played upon the chord of sectional feeling, in enlisting the commonwealths of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania in the project, which culminated in the settlement of the territory west of the Alleghanies, in the subjugation of the Indian tribes that, since the beginning of the Revolution, had harassed our frontier, and, ultimately, in the permanent expulsion of the British red-coats, the agents of monarchy, from Republican soil. The idea of combination, for commercial purposes, gaining in popularity, as a result of Washington's agitation, a plan for a commercial agreement between Maryland and Virginia was concerted at Mount Vernon, and a call was issued for a convention at Annapolis, having as its object a similar compact between all the states. But, by Shay's Rebellion and the exposition of its meaning furnished by Washington and his coadjutors, the eyes of the people were opened to the true state of the country, and the Annapolis convention was changed from a meeting to consummate a trade alliance between separate and distinct commonwealths, avowedly independent, into an assembly whose purpose was, "to revise and correct the defects of the federal government." By the Annapolis convention a call was issued for a convention at Philadelphia. The Annapolis convention was the cradle of the Philadelphia convention, and the Philadelphia convention was the mother of the constitution. Where will you

find a more successful agitator or a more effective moulder of public opinion than Washington?

May 13, 1787, was the day for convocation at Philadelphia, and from every quarter of the land rose the unanimous demand for Washington as a delegate. Accustomed as he was to foresee conflicts he sighted the battle from afar, and it was only with the greatest reluctance and the sincerest regret that he renounced for a second time his coveted retirement and consented to attend. But, once in the fight, true to his nature and reputation, he was there to stay, and it was his strong persistence and irresistible determination as chairman of the convention, which surmounted all obstacles, beat down a formidable opposition in the crisis of the debate, and carried the party of constitutional union, through three months of uninterrupted combat, to triumphant success. Faint hearts and weak wills were not absent, as at the time, in the first part of the convention, when but few of the delegates having assembled, the wavering faction raised a doubt of the ratification of their proceedings by the people, and counseled tentative resolutions and adjournment. Now note the sublime dignity of Washington, as he rises nobly to face the crisis, and in the voice that rallied the charge at Trenton and at Monmouth rebuked the cowering Lee, silences opposition with the response: "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the event is in the hands of God!"

The problem before the convention was the achievement of solidarity without the destruction of local self-government; the reconciliation of state sovereignty with a central authority sufficiently strong and broad to protect and secure national perpetuity and progress. And, in the convention that accomplished this mighty task and gave to mankind that unparalleled charter of liberties, the United States Constitution, in the assembly where the political philosophy of Franklin shone like a star, and the genius of Madison and of Hamilton gave to the world the most brilliant exemplar of constructive statesmanship, in the assembly which disinterested critics agree was second in combined ability to none ever convened, Washington, the boy-surveyor of the wilderness, who, on the battlefields of the Revolution, had baffled the

flower of England's generalship, was accounted "the weightiest man on the floor!"

On September 17, 1787, the most memorable day that has yet dawned on Anglo-Saxon enterprise and intrepidity, Washington led the act of signing the Constitution, and the completed instrument was committed to the states for ratification. The sullen murmurs of disapproval, heard from a few of the states, were drowned by the cry, "Washington will be president!" "Washington will be president!" was the thought that dispelled the doubt from the minds of the wavering and strengthened the loyalty of the friends of federation. "Washington will be president" was the death sentence of disruption, and the watchword of nationality and union. The nine states requisite to the adoption of the Constitution acceded to its provisions, and with the inaugural of unity's foremost champion, the rising sun of our country's supremacy, described by Franklin when the promulgation of the Constitution was assured, began its glorious ascent across the firmament of nations.

His administration, in the magnitude of its difficulties, the weight of its responsibilities, and the immensity of its achievements, is without a parallel in political history. He entered upon a course before untried. There were no precedents to guide or to warn. He undertook the application of a novel system of government, conscious that his every action would be a pattern for his successors to follow, and that upon his success depended not only the peace and progress of the American people, but also the welfare of mankind. His task was to infuse into a community of provincials the masterful spirit of nationality; to invest a people born in subserviency with the dignity of independence; to school a race of subjects in the duties and usages of sovereigns.

More than any other statesman, he foresaw the destiny of his country. Standing at Mt. Vernon, he turned his prophetic eye toward the undeveloped West, and, like Moses upon Nebo, read in the broad expanse of plain and mountain and stream and valley, teeming with resources and smiling with opportunity, the brilliant future of his country. Is it too much to imagine that he saw the thirteen colonies, fringing the Atlantic, increase to forty-

six sovereign states stretching to the Pacific; that he saw the bankrupt nation of nearly 4,000,000 population, that could borrow only \$300,000, develop into a people which represents one-fifteenth of the population of the globe; a people that does one-third of the world's mining, one-fourth of its manufacturing, one-fifth of its agriculture, and owns one-sixth of the world's wealth? Is it too fanciful to conjecture that he saw the new Republic, provincial in tone, primitive in culture, unsettled in policy, pre-eminent only by reason of the courage and enterprise of its people and the richness of its natural resources, grow into a country, which, in the profusion of the common blessings of life, in the facilities of education, in the cultivation of the useful ornamental arts, in the possession of institutions for social and philanthropic objects, in public strength and national respectability, ranks with the foremost nations of the earth; that he saw the infant state, which still bore in the trend of its public sentiment traces of its recent subjection, rise to be the recognized protector of the Western Continent and the arbiter of a world-embracing peace?

He did not ignore the significance of the vision. From the moment he began the duties of the executive, the reason for his measures, the motive of his actions, the spirit of his councils was Americanism. And the means to the growth of a strong and vigorous Americanism he conceived to be reverence for the constitution and obedience to the central government. The promulgation of his policies was not unattended with interference and opposition. At a time when unanimity of action was a patriotic duty, political discord found its source among the members of his cabinet and the purity of his own motives was impugned by partisan envy and demagogic ambition. Rebellion against the central government arose in Pennsylvania. But he crushed it with a promptitude and a decision which engendered a profound respect for national authority. A recalcitrant House infringed upon the provisions of the Constitution by demanding the right to act upon the acceptance of the Jay treaty, but so urgently did Washington advocate the expediency of absolute submission to constitutional provision, that the House ceased to press its claims and the inviolability of the Constitution became a popular tradition

and a political principle. But one amendment to the Constitution was made from the date of his retirement from office to the close of the Rebellion, and the three then engrafted upon it, were not the fruit of a frivolous spirit of innovation, but the inevitable result of a radical change in our social institutions.

Other distinctive features of Washington's administrative policy are crystallized into political maxims in his Farewell Address. The necessity of maintaining a strict distribution of powers between the co-ordinate branches of the government is exhaustively discussed. None of his recommendations has been more rigidly applied. Our political history instances no encroachments of one department of the government upon another except under conditions of the greatest stress or peril. The opposition manifested over the apparent inclination of the executive to disregard the decrees of the legislative department, as in the case of Mr. Cleveland and the fisheries dispute, is not less a popular guarantee of the continuance of the original distribution of powers than the widespread approval at the discomfiture of the legislative department in its attempt to brow-beat President Hayes.

The need of cultivating religion and morality, and of encouraging education is pointed out by Washington, and, from the passage of the ordinance of 1787, by which the first section in every township was reserved as school-land, up to the present time, public appropriations have been made in behalf of these interests, with the result that 33 per cent of our population are communicants in churches, and that the efficiency of our educational system, as a preparation for scholarship and as a school of citizenship, is unsurpassed. The preservation of the public credit is made the theme of an emphatic appeal. Posterity has not been neglectful of this trust. The nation which could borrow only in paltry thousands has borrowed billions and can borrow billions more. No stronger evidence of the unimpeachable integrity of this government is needed than the occurrences of the last election, when party prejudice was forgotten, sectional lines crumbled away, individual interests were cast aside, and from every quarter of the land rose sturdy defenders of national honor to repel the organized defamers of the honesty of this republic. Washington

counsels neutrality, and warns his countrymen against entertaining "inveterate antipathies" or "passionate attachments" for other nations. Neutrality has been our settled policy, from the crisis when our Revolutionary chief, in the face of a malignantly adverse public opinion, refused an alliance with France or a participation in foreign embroilments, until the present time, when the United States is regarded as the arbitrator of the nations and the harbinger of universal peace.

Washington was the soul of the Revolution. Without his influence no army, in the face of the dangers and privations incident to war, the faithlessness of Congress, and the apathy of the people, could have been kept in the field. "Washington," says Goldwin Smith, "was to the confederacy all in all; without him it would have been ten times lost." Without Washington, assuredly, Union and the Constitution would have been a dream. Without Washington, to-day—without his public integrity and single-minded patriotism emulated, without his counsels accepted, without his advice applied—our great nation must succumb, and, following the course of previous Republics, become a melancholy memory. Realizing what he has been and what he is to our country, we must say as Abraham Lincoln said at Springfield, February 22, 1840: "On this day eulogy of Washington is expected. No one can eulogize him adequately. His is the mightiest name of earth. To add brightness to the sun and glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. Let all, in solemn awe, pronounce his name, and in its deathless splendor leave it shining on!"

Oration, MR. ROBERT OGILVIE KIRKWOOD,
Princeton University:

“AN APPEAL FOR TRUE CITIZENSHIP.”

It is our custom, in common with the other nations of the earth, to select certain days which are to be set apart to mark or honor some period, event, or life. On these days it is eminently fitting that we give ourselves not to idle pleasure, but to the contemplation of thoughts which are particularly adapted to that which we celebrate.

Such days are like safe harbors in the voyage of life, where we may anchor for rest and refreshment, where we may obtain a new point of departure, and where from the consideration of past experiences and by the comparison of our course with the courses of those who have successfully voyaged before, we may be the better fitted for the remainder of the journey and eventually enter the desired haven.

To-day those of our nation who live superficially in the present and are concerned alone with pleasurable personal satisfaction are well nigh traitors to their country, while the more thoughtful who are gathered in meetings such as this, to honor a great life and to consider some of the duties which are involved in the citizenship of a country such as ours, have made an excellent beginning towards the attainment of true citizenship.

I would, in very truth, be of poor spirit and a dishonor to my beloved alma mater did I not to-day feel some of the responsibility which this occasion suggests. Old Nassau herself was born through prayer and nourished by patriotism. Near her walls on that memorable January 3, 1777, was fought the pivotal battle of the revolution, and in the last of the three engagements of that day, by cannonade and bayonet charge, she was taken from the

profaning hands of the British. For many months Nassau Hall was the National Capitol, a capitol often graced by the presence of the commander-in-chief of the American army. Filled with the inspiration of her spirit, her sons went forth to do the work of true citizens. Of the small number who left her fostering care in the years previous to the opening of the present century, six were members of the Continental Congress. Three of her officers and two of her sons, by signing the Declaration of Independence, pledged their lives, fortunes and sacred honor to the cause of liberty. Twenty found seats in the Senate, and twenty-three were members of the House of Representatives. James Madison served as President and Aaron Burr as Vice-President. One was Chief Justice and three Judges of the Supreme Court, thirteen became Governors of the various states. In the fields of divinity, law and medicine, as college presidents and professors, as diplomats to foreign lands, in cavalry charges and battles on the high seas, Princeton men were leaders.

In accordance then with the significance of this day, I am to address you in the interests of true citizenship. We should desire to become true citizens, because a true citizen is best fitted for successfully meeting the responsibilities which face us; but why should we feel these responsibilities? Because our heritage is great, and because, as has so often been said and so little realized, "to whom much is given, much shall be required." The course of progress has been ever westward. It was in the far East, in those distant ages where men walk like shadows in the mists of time, that there was born the impulse to follow the setting sun. The great hordes which came from those mysterious lands and swept in successive migratory waves over the new-found country, conquered and were conquered in turn. From stone to bronze and from bronze to iron was the progress of the ages. In Egypt, Assyria and Greece, men evolved the arts and sciences. But still the progress was westward. That little settlement of mud-huts on the banks of the Tiber was a great nation in embryo. In the huge forests of the north, inured to cold and hardship, noted for their bravery and respect for women, their love of liberty and their regard for the individual, were developed the powerful Teutonic

racés, and from them the Anglo-Saxons. Rome with her iron hand moulded the world into one vast empire. In the fullness of time Christ was born. The northern races became dominant, and under Charlemagne Aix was the center of power. The progress westward was blocked by the stormy Atlantic and the dreadful horizon. There was development in every direction, and then came the seeming stagnation of the dark ages. The renaissance was full of promise, but those in power endeavored to retard thought by physical force. Men became restive and desired free air and liberty to think. Science combined with human daring came to the rescue. The unknown was revealed, and a new world still to the westward which God had destined to become "the land of the free and the home of the brave," was opened for settlement. Religious persecution increased. The best stock the Old World had produced disembarked from the Mayflower, and amid the rigors of a northern winter, in a strange country, fighting savages, hunger, disease and death, the Pilgrim Fathers founded a state which was to become grander than even they conceived of, as with the eye of faith they looked far into the things unseen. The Puritans of England, the Huguenots of France, the sturdy Dutch, and the hardy Scotch mingled their blood to form a new race.

The Colonies prospered, but the Mother Country was jealous and intolerant. There were repeated oppressions, remonstrances, revolts. The Declaration of Independence, heroic warfare, and finally, by the grace of God, the aid of France and the indomitable bravery of our own forefathers, the chains of servitude were broken, the divine right of kings was proven a myth, and we were free.

There are occasions when right is not to be limited within the confines of vague international custom. To-day, as we glory in our own freedom, does it seem to you to be right that we refuse to extend positive encouragement to those patriots, who, with equal bravery, against greater odds, are endeavoring to liberate themselves from still worse Old World tyranny, and are sacrificing all that men hold dear in order that Cuba may be free?

Since the Revolutionary era our history, considered as a whole, is an inspiration. Such a line of heroes and heroines, some of

them known to fame, but the great majority unknown, have never given such nobility to the life of any other nation. In war and in peace, politically and morally, in scientific research and material prosperity we have contributed much to the progress of mankind.

But in the thought of Lincoln at Gettysburg we are not met to-day to consecrate or glory in the past, but the past places its consecrating hands upon us, and invests us with an awful responsibility for the present, and the vast future.

There can be no further progress westward. Across the wastes of the Pacific there is again the ancient East. It seems that Providence has destined America to be the arena in which we, the people of the United States, are to solve many of the most complex problems of the human race. Such problems are to be met intelligently and manfully, and, as far as we are concerned, the time for solving them is the present.

In a monarchical form of government they are considered good citizens who are loyal to the King, who serve the required time in the army, who pay their taxes regularly, and who are little given to thinking. But in government of the people, for the people, and by the people, the matter is much more serious, and in the very nature of the case, the responsibility is infinitely greater. The demand of the day is for patriots, men whose love for their country supersedes all other earthly love. Patriotism is no mawkish sentimentality, but is a deep rooted love for our country, which best expresses itself in deeds of absolute loyalty for the country's best interests, no matter at what personal cost.

There is a patriotism of war. So grand a patriotism is it that greatest historians, dramatists and poets have striven to express it. For a man to leave occupations and home, to bid good-bye, perhaps for the last time, to those he loves better than his own life, to plan a campaign, to charge at the bugle's call, to die in the last ditch cheering the colors held high by those who trample over him, is beyond expression noble.

I am convinced that the flame of warlike patriotism burns as brightly in the breasts of the men to-day as ever it did in the past, and that should the need occur, that from ocean to ocean, from

the Great Lakes to the Gulf, from every hill-side, valley and plain, from every hamlet and city, such a host of determined patriots would arise as easily to overcome any foreign foe.

Such is the patriotism of war, and we need have no fear, at least in the present, for the lack of it.

But it seems to be the general opinion of thinking men, an opinion founded upon facts and observation, that we of to-day have been one-sided in our patriotic development. That while we are accomplished as regards the comparatively easy patriotism of war, which is fostered by the fighting spirit inherent in every man of our race; that the great mass of our citizens, either through ignorance or criminal indifference, have utterly neglected the cultivation of the more difficult patriotism of peace. We have little reason to fear foreign foes, but we have great cause to tremble at the indifference or passions of the misguided citizens of our own country. It is one thing for a man to fight when the lust for battle is upon him, with the inspiration of martial music and under the watchful eyes of his comrades and officers. It is quite another thing and much more difficult for a man in the seclusion of private life, with all of his numerous and exacting business and social duties, to fight the good fight of true citizenship in times of peace.

Having called attention to the need of and the responsibility for true citizenship and some of the difficulties of the situation, let us consider as to what qualities a man must possess in order to become a true citizen. I make no apology for saying that the first qualification is a belief in, a love for, and a deep sense of responsibility to the God of Nations. Arrive at such convictions as you will, either through the tortuous byways of logical philosophic thought, or along the safer and more direct paths of revealed truth, the qualification remains fundamental. From this there will most naturally follow, purity of life, a beneficent attitude toward the unfortunate, together with that safeguard of national life and honor, that cornerstone of all true progress, the sacredness of the home.

The true citizen must be intelligent. A man may be actuated with the most ardent love for his country, and yet because of wrong opinions held through ignorance do much to weaken that

which he honestly desires to strengthen. In a government legislated and administered through representatives as agents, the average of those who govern can be but little higher than the average of those governed. Only such laws may be enforced which the intelligence of the people renders them willing to obey. The need of the hour is not an increase in fox-like shrewdness and cunning, but a broader intelligence. Few are fitted to be scholars, but all are capable of attaining to a high standard of reasonable knowledge, the product of which is sterling common sense, and on this rests largely the hope of the future. Unless a man be informed in the essential teachings of history, the fundamental forms, principles and methods of our government, the elementary truths of political economy and finance, he is unable rightly to judge of the merits of a political campaign or properly to select those who are to represent him in our legislative halls. An ignorant man in our country has not only neglected to improve his opportunities, but he has failed to do his plain duty and sinned against the state. The intelligent man is always a respecter of law. We boast of our liberty, and we boast rightly. But liberty never allows of a trespass upon the rights of others. Law makes liberty possible. The harmony and progress of nature depends on exact obedience to law. A violation of law means decay and death. What is true in nature is emphatically true of social order. That the state may exist, law must be respected and enforced. Anarchy is the gangrene of the state. To temporize means death, and no matter how painful the process, it must be immediately eradicated. It is one of the distinguishing features of the intelligent man that he is patient. With his broad knowledge he will be satisfied if progress is slow, be it only real. He will know that back of the Declaration of Independence was the Bill of Rights. That back of the Bill of Rights was the Magna Charta, and that back of the Magna Charta was the progress of the race. He will recognize the fact that all true progress is in the form of growth, and that the largest and most stable organisms are the slowest in development. He will understand that many of our institutions are still in the experimental stage, and that we of the present must be satisfied to toil laboriously at the

foundations, leaving the rearing of the beautiful superstructure to succeeding generations.

A cowardly man is a contradiction in terms, and with increasing intelligence the true citizen will become increasingly brave. He must be willing to work with the minority, and at times champion causes which are unpopular. He must have within himself the power to stand utterly alone. Should the occasion present itself he must be willing either to merge his personality into that of the mass of his fellow citizens, or he must dominate others by the strength of his will. Although he must be patient as regards slow progress and the mistakes of the ignorant, he must never equivocate when evil men are active, either directly or indirectly, commercially or politically, against the good of the state. But such a man will make enemies. True, and many of them. Conspirators against social well being are restive and vindictive when brought to light. Show me a man without enemies, and I will show you a worthless man. But a man who dares so much may even lose his life. Although not probable, it is within the range of possibility. But what is one life or many lives compared with the advancement of truth and the upbuilding of a nation such as ours. How many men of promise and proven ability have gladly yielded up their lives that we might have the privileges we now enjoy. Shall we be less careful for the future? Has the pursuit of material wealth made us so warped in mind and depraved in heart that we are insensible to all of the higher things of life? Let us hear the voice of Nathan Hale as it comes ringing down the century: "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country." There were true citizens in those days, and never were they more needed than now. The intelligent man will feel it incumbent upon him to be thrifty, to be economical, in the good old-fashioned meaning of the word. Extravagance is one of our national sins, and a sin that is by no means confined to the wealthy. A man who has an income of five hundred a year may be more truly extravagant than he who has an annual income of five hundred thousand. The great majority of those who are in such pitiful want to-day, those to whom we owe the duty of support,

would never have come to such suffering had they exercised economy.

But although economy is a virtue and the possession of material wealth is necessary for the well being of the individual and the nation, the intelligent man will know that the lust after wealth is born of ignorance, and that nothing is so detrimental to true progress as the inordinate desire to be rich. By the study of history he will learn that the Phoenicians, that race of merchant princes, after they had acquired such wealth as the world had not before dreamed of, went to a speedy and natural death, contributing comparatively nothing that was real to the world's knowledge. While the Athenians, who strove for supremacy in things not material, developed philosophy, gained unequaled perfection in the arts and made large progress in solving political problems. Since then, the Athenian ideals have been the inspiration of all thinking peoples. And now after the lapse of millenniums, to that which the Athenians originated and accomplished, may be referred much that is best in the civilization of the present.

The mean man is limited in his activities to the advancement of his own narrow, personal interests. The broader minded man may desire the success of his own state or section of country, no matter what the effect on the other states or sections of country. The man with still wider views hopes for the prosperity of his nation, while the truly intelligent citizen, realizing that he may most directly and permanently help others by becoming all that is right in his own life, testing his ability and patriotism in local affairs, strives, despite abuse, failure and disappointment, for the highest advancement of his own nation, not as an end in itself, but that by so doing he may accomplish something toward the advancement of the race at large, for he will know that all men are brethren.

To this end the intelligent man will recognize the absolute need of unity in our national life. It is strange that a truth which costs us so much to learn should, seemingly, be so soon forgotten by many of us. We are in name, and we must be in fact, the United States. United we may stand to work out a glorious future, divided we must inevitably and disgracefully fall. The true

citizen will never allow sectional interests, whether in the sphere of political life or financial prosperity, to interfere with this central idea of unity.

But mere territorial union is always meaningless and transitory. There must be a unity in mental life, a community of ideas, a oneness of ideals. The national ideals are but the sum of the ideals of the individuals composing the nation. It is the general testimony of history that no one man, no matter how great his genius, is able to achieve much that is noble and lasting without having behind him impetus of national desires and directing his activities along lines of national ideals. The intelligent man realizing this will, in his own life and by his influence, endeavor to create in others ideals which may become national in realms that are mental, aesthetic and spiritual. Thus alone may we be truly, increasingly and completely united, for unity is the highest category of thought.

Let us suppose that a man because of his love of God and his intelligence, has also become the possessor of the qualities which naturally flow from these conceptions. What then is to be his attitude towards his country. James Otis said that the only principles of public conduct that are worthy of a gentleman or a man are to sacrifice estate, ease, health and applause and even life itself, to the sacred calls of his country.

Our country calls to-day as she has seldom called before. She asks not that our lives be sacrificed upon the altar of war, but that they be spent in arduous, loyal service for her present and future welfare. Nothing of good which has been permanent has been attained without great and continuous self-sacrifices, and self-sacrifice is a synonym for patriotism, for he that will lose his life shall save it is not only a fundamental teaching of Christianity, but it also has a universal application in all departments of life.

Should a man be thus well fitted for true citizenship, how is he to make his personality felt? Along what lines is he to exert his influence, and what methods shall he pursue? The mere fact of his being the man he is will probably be the largest factor in his influence. But as has been suggested, this passive position is not sufficient. He must be positively and aggressively for the right.

He must think, speak and act in no uncertain terms. As to the manner in which the true citizen may best fulfill his duties in the higher requirements of national life must be conditioned largely by the opportunities which are presented to him, or which he creates for himself. We will briefly consider the duties of the true citizen as regards that intensely practical matter, politics.

It has been said that man is a political animal. It seems that such a sweeping statement is not true of the citizens of the United States. For although there are many true men in our political life, the great mass of our citizens may be divided into two classes. On the one hand those who most thoroughly believe in animal politics and on the other hand those who are utterly indifferent to the whole matter or who evidently consider that they have fully met the requirements of true citizenship by an occasional sneering remark of disparagement in regard to our whole political system. But our political system as originally planned was the work of genuine statesmen and was well adapted to the peculiar requirements of our country. National parties were anticipated and provided for. They are by no means evil in themselves and are the national outgrowth of the conditions. Indeed they seem to be absolutely necessary, and if properly conducted would be most helpful. Through them as in no other way could the individual express his will and make his influence felt in the interests of good government. That such is not the case to-day is generally conceded. It is no fault of the system, but it is the fault of the criminal indifference, which now as never before seems to dominate the lives of our so-called best citizens.

What, with the jobbery of bosses, cliques, ring machines and combines in our municipal affairs, what with the pernicious lobby, deals, log rolling and the all-powerful committees in our state legislatures and national congress, what with our slipshod and short sighted financial system of collection and expenditure, if indeed we have a system, the thinking man has much reason to be discouraged. But despair never yet won success in love or war, much less in political life. The true citizen being brave, and realizing the power which is resident in the life of one good man, is always an optimist. He will dash into the thick of the fight

with sure hope of success. His method will not be one of revolution, but one of reform based on the gradual introduction of the right as the enlightenment of his fellow citizens will permit. Knowing that as surely as the night flees before the rising sun so surely will the unjust and evil fly before the just and right.

The true citizen will keep in close touch with the principles and movements of the party to which he is naturally allied. If need be he will repudiate them in whole or in part. He will be active in the primaries, and if serving on a committee he will be no mere figurehead. He will always vote, know why he votes and for what he votes, and will endeavor to influence others to the same ends.

If so honored, he will accept office, perhaps at great personal inconvenience and loss, performing the functions of his position without the slightest regard for a second term or of future preferment. Such are some of the qualifications necessary and practical suggestions for the true citizen.

During the late war, near one of the coast cities of the South, a small body of troops were detailed to silence a battery of supposed comparative weakness. The assault was repulsed with great loss and the Federal forces fled in disorder. They re-formed when out of range, and as they looked back they saw that many a silent form in blue lay shrouded in the coarse grass of the sand dunes. But the color-bearer, who lay in front of the redoubts, still held aloft the stars and stripes. He was seen slowly to arise. Those who were within the earth works were too brave to fire, and half crawling he made his way painfully towards his own company. He refused to give the colors to two of his comrades who went to his assistance, but when brought to his commander handed them to him as he saluted and said: "Oh, captain, the old flag never touched the ground." He fell, and he died, for he was sorely wounded, and never did the sands of earth drink in nobler blood than his.

It is this magnificent devotion to the duties of the time which will reveal itself in energetic action, directed along lines which will bring about political, social, mental, moral and religious betterment that I plead for to-day.

I appeal to you young men who, if you are worthy of the name, are ambitious to become true citizens and will soon take an active part in our national life. I appeal to you young women who are to wield a less conspicuous, but if you only will, a more powerful influence in the homes of the future, that you realize and acknowledge the responsibility which rests upon you this day. Not alone collectively as citizens of this great city, state or nation, but as individuals. A responsibility to yourselves, to your nation, to your race, and to your God. The mighty past imposes it, the present demands that you fulfill the requirements of the past, and if you fail to respond the future, which you to-day largely condition, will with justice rise up and condemn your memory.

The need of high ideals in the lives of individuals and nations has been referred to, the power of such ideals, not only over mental life, but also over that which is physical, is just beginning to be understood. We are the creatures of our ideals whether we hold them consciously or unconsciously. But the more definitely we hold our ideals in consciousness, the more powerful do they become. The surest way of making our ideals definite and consequently powerful is to objectify them, if possible, in a personality.

That a true estimate may be given in regard to any historic life, it is necessary that long years elapse, in order that a proper perspective may be gained. Our minds must be freed from all disturbing elements of personal or racial prejudice. The life must be seen in its true relation to the lives and events by which it was environed. A life which stands the tests of time is a vindicated life, a life which with the passing years attains ever greater honor not only from the men of his nation, but also from the men of all nations, a life which is a continual uplift to all that is noble and true, is a glorious life. Such a life can never die, and such a life was lived by the hero Washington, who, because of his love for the unseen Being who guides the lives of individuals and the destinies of nations, who, because of his intelligent patriotism and bravery in times of war and in times of peace, who because of his broad and exalted conceptions for the progress of the nation and the race holds the first place in the hearts of his countrymen, and is

worthy to be the ever present ideal of all those who desire to become true citizens.

Let us then, in imitation of his example, voyage forth upon the sea of life with the firm resolve that no matter what of peril or pleasure the future may have in store for us, we will on all occasions and under all circumstances quit ourselves like men, until, having proved our ability and faithfulness here, we may be called to a higher citizenship and service, in another country, in a city not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

PROGRAMME
at the
SOUTH CHICAGO HIGH SCHOOLS.

Mr. Joseph H. Strong, Presiding.

Chorus, - - - - - South Chicago High School.

Music, "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Remarks by the Chairman,
Representing the Union League Club.

Music, "Star Spangled Banner."

Song, "Sword of Bunker Hill," - - - Mr. William Apmadoc.

Introduction by the Chairman.

Address, "The Privileges of American Citizenship,"
Mr. D. S. Trumbull, Chicago University.

Music, "America."

Oration, MR. D. S. TRUMBULL,

Chicago University:

“THE PRIVILEGES OF AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.”

It is fitting that we should speak here, on the day in which we commemorate the birthday of our illustrious Washington, of the privileges of American citizenship. For if it be true that the present is the heritage of the past; if it be true that we are to-day the result of what we have been in all our past history, then it is also true that to Washington, who built so firmly and so well the foundation of that noble monument which we call our country's glory and fame in political and civil life, in war and in peace, in industry and in the prosperity of freedom, then to Washington we owe a deep debt of gratitude and love.

The life of the American people continued from its first infancy to the present hour—each month and year teeming with its mass of infinite details, each all-important in its time and place—presents the true history of the American nation as it stands to-day. All of our present advantages and privileges are descended from that life; and to fittingly understand them we must first understand it. At least we must understand the essential parts of that life, as marked by noted events; for a knowledge and comprehension of it in its details is, we must regret, impossible for human minds.

All of the share and interest which each one of us has in our great American Union is represented in our privileges and duties as part of it—that is, in our citizenship. And that we may conceive of what these, our privileges of citizenship, are, let us turn back the roll of our great achievements in war and in peace and mark them one by one as they appeal to our patriotism and our admiration.

What a sturdy band of Pilgrim Fathers fled from their old homes to found new ones in an unknown and an untried land; how much comfort and material prosperity they gave up for conscience's sake and for freedom of thought. We can join hand and heart with them in our interest and sympathy, standing by to watch them in their frugal life as they toil for their daily bread, guarding their own and their loved ones' lives from that awe-inspiring and ever-dreaded, lurking foe, the Indian, and daily making their simple offerings of prayer and devotion to the God for whom they had risked their all. And as they toiled they grew in numbers, in safety and in prosperity, until at last in the course of many years, the colonies stood forth, asking, while stirred to the very depths of their keen sense of justice, for representation in the government of that mother country which was so persistently subjecting them to taxation.

How proudly we can follow them through the eight years of our War of Independence—in their firm stand for liberty and the privileges of self-government, through those many hard-fought battles of defeat and victory, through the long winters of bitter suffering so bravely endured! How we marvel at the courage, at the persistence with which they fought and bled! Some giving up their lives that freedom might live, others living on to strike yet another blow to complete the work, to give that freedom a more perfect life, that after generations might live secure and happy as authors of their own government and as makers of their own destiny. How we marvel at the deeds they did and at the results they accomplished, though so few in numbers, so ill-equipped and so poorly clad against the winter's cold and snow. But our wonder is lost in admiration of them and of that noble, heaven-inspired leader, George Washington, who led them so ably in battle, and who so cheerfully cared for and encouraged them in the hardships and intense sufferings of such winters as that spent at Valley Forge. But at last the right had triumphed; indomitable courage and unceasing persistence in the defense of liberty had gained the victory over greater strength and power—the thirteen colonies were free and independent states.

It is with the greatest admiration and respect that we con-

template that renowned convention of 1787, in which were met the mightiest men of our nation, gathered to draw up that constitution which has so admirably, and with so little alteration, served as the framework of our government for more than one hundred years, that constitution which is acknowledged to be the best and wisest plan of government ever devised by any one body of men met for such a purpose. Its acceptance by the states was followed by a period of construction of the different branches of our government, a most interesting period in our history, when bodies of new laws were passed, departments formed and innumerable precedents established, all under the wise and careful guidance of our greatest of national heroes, George Washington. And after the construction of our constitution and laws came the period of their interpretation and expansion; for under the marvelous interpretation of that wisest and ablest of judges, Chief-Justice John Marshall, our constitution gradually developed into a body of rules definite in principle and practical in application, so justly renowned throughout the world and so widely copied by our sister American states.

And as our nation grew within itself, as it grew within its own boundaries in industry and wealth, it took its place among the nations of the earth, ranking among the first in those qualities which make a nation great. And it was with no uncertain declaration that she chose for herself that policy in international affairs fostered by Washington, Jefferson and John Quincy Adams, and so clearly enunciated by James Monroe in his well-known annual message of 1823. Ours was a peace policy, but one of self protection, of maintenance of those rights which were ours; rights, the subversion of which would have meant the decay and overthrow of our liberty and our Union.

When we look back to the terrible agitation and turmoil into which our country was thrown in 1861 and in the first years of our great civil war, we tremble even now at the thought that the result might have been different, that our own beloved Union might have perished; for to such a consummation we were desperately near. North divided against South; one half against the other; thousands and hundreds of thousands engaged in a deadly fra-

tricial war, hundreds and thousands on each side firm in the belief in the righteousness of their cause, and praying to the same God for victory; terrible thought! But the storm of civil war subsided. Peace came again into our land, and again we had "an indestructible union of indestructible states," even more firmly cemented and bound together than ever before; for the whole meaning of that terrible strife was indeed a "Union, one and inseparable."

To-day we live in a land stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Canadas to the gulf, large in territory, vastly rich in natural resources, peopled by a race magnificently endowed with energy, enterprise, genius, intellect, love of progress, and with great capacity for success; a people who are healthy, vigorous, strong and able. Our past history has in it all of those things of which a people can be justly proud—memories to stir the patriotism and to fire one to progressive effort. We live in a land pre-eminent in education and culture, in achievements, in all those things which lift a people into pre-eminence among the nations of the earth. Such a place in the family of nations we have held and we now maintain. Our Union is great and noble; to be a citizen of that Union, to share in its privileges and in its citizenship is an honor and a glory to each and every one so favored by a beneficent fortune. Thousands and millions are part of this, our Union, and they participate in its greatness and nobility.

Would that with this word of praise all were said; but honesty and truth bid us turn our thoughts aside, alas, in an entirely new direction. For contemplation of our greatness leads to discovery of our weakness. It is said, and it is all too true, that amid all of our success as a people, the government of our cities stands out as a conspicuous failure, representing, as so many of them do, those contemptible words: Bribery, corruption, selfishness and greed. With sickening hearts we read the sad history of disgraceful politics in such cities as New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, where "gangs" of ward politicians or "ward bosses" have ruled the municipal government for their own personal aggrandizement, caring nothing for the better elements in our cities, striving to placate only those portions of the people who

are either too ignorant or too selfish to care for the common good. The votes of such as these they secure by fair means or foul, and subvert the office to their own low purposes. What a sad commentary is such an undisputed statement upon the once noble and free American people! And the worst and saddest thing is not that this vile corruption is running so rife in its command and subversion of the people's interests, but that the people themselves, the better elements, the educated, cultured classes, who suppose themselves to be patriotic and deserving citizens, have not seemed to care! Engrossed in personal business, in the race for material wealth, they have put aside in their busy rush and hurry after their own personal ambitions that which is so essential to all good self-government—active interest in local politics, interest in the pure name of one's own city. Material wealth has been allowed to supersede national honor in the minds of the American people.

It is the contemplation of such facts as these that reminds us that with every right a duty goes hand in hand, that every privilege calls for some action of support. If it be true that all of the advantages which we now enjoy are a heritage from the sacred past, how great a debt do we owe to those who have preceded us and to our own posterity. When we read with pride of the daring deeds of our forefathers, of the heroic and noble sacrifices in war, and of the noble achievements in times of peace by our greatest statesmen and by the people's industry, when we read the eloquent and patriotic words of that greatest of orators, Daniel Webster, let us think then of what we are to-day, let us think of the selfishness and greed of our office-seekers and of the officials in our municipal governments, of the selfish indifference of our private citizens. Let us thank our God for the country in which we live, for the nation of which we are citizens; but let us beware lest we in failing to carry out the trust which has been left to us call down His wrath not only upon ourselves but upon those who are to be our successors. May these United States ever be the "Land of the free, and the home of the brave!" May the stars and stripes ever wave in the triumph of liberty and self-government, and in the

consciousness that that flag stands for and protects all that is dear to man.

Let us each one, taking as our example some man, such as Washington, so true to country in private as well as in public life, live such a life of true, noble citizenship that our citizenship shall be a blessing to the land in which we live.

May our land be so blessed that future generations of children and fathers and mothers, as they gather on this day to hold sacred the name of our immortal Washington, shall sing, as those before us have sung, and as we now sing, "My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty."

PROGRAMME
at the
NORTHWEST DIVISION HIGH SCHOOL.

Mr. Clarence A. Burley, Presiding.

Medley of National Airs,	-	-	-	-	-	-	High School Orchestra.
"Hail Columbia,"	-	-	-	-	-	-	Audience.
Address,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Clarence A. Burley.
"Red, White and Blue,"	-	-	-	-	-	-	Audience.
Cornet Solo,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. John Skelton.
"Star Spangled Banner,"	-	-	-	-	-	-	Audience.
Address, "The Relation of the Youth of This Country to Its							
Political Life,"	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Dean Sage, Jr., Yale University.
"America,"	-	-	-	-	-	-	Audience.

Oration, MR. DEAN SAGE, JR.,

Yale University:

“THE RELATION OF THE YOUTH OF THIS COUNTRY TO ITS POLITICAL LIFE.”

Fellow-Citizens: We are assembled here to-day under the kind auspices of the Union League Club to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of George Washington. Washington's birthday! What significance those words bear! And yet do we not often fail to realize the importance of such an occasion? It is apt to mean to us a day off from books, a day spent with little thought of aught but amusement. But let us look beneath the surface and see why it is that we are celebrating.

A national holiday is an important factor in the life of a nation. It is in honor of some great event in our country's history and it must be a very great event, for we have but few national holidays. It is a fitting occasion for the display of patriotism. It should inspire such feelings in a man's breast as to lead him to a better understanding of his duty to the state and a truer love of his country. It should make the hearts of every one of you boys and girls here swell with pride, pride for what you are going to be—American citizens.

Do you realize what that means? Stop a moment and think. It means that some day you are going to have a share and a good share, too, in the governing of this great country. I doubt not that there are now sitting before me future men who will have a voice in shaping the destinies of the City of Chicago.

Their responsibility is very great. It has been truly said that a father's proudest boast is to have produced a son better than himself, and that you cannot be as good as your fathers unless you are better, better because you have more advan-

tages, the advantages which their labors have accumulated. Think what our ancestors were and you will see that to be better than they is no easy task. They were the fathers of their country, the men who drew up our constitution. Our history can make no prouder boast than that "the constitutional convention was the finest body of men that history has any account of assembling for deliberative functions." Its ability was extraordinary, almost unaccountable.

That convention was a body of great men. Many of them had sacrificed much to obey their country's call. Leaving their occupations they assembled from the length and breadth of the thirteen states. Traveling was not easy in those days when the steam engine was unknown and the state of the country roads was often such as to make progress impossible for days at a time. Some of those patriots were as much as a month in reaching the assembling place at Philadelphia. They had a work to do. History was to be made and they realized it.

Is it strange that such men produced the constitution, "the most remarkable document ever produced anywhere?"

But because our task is hard we must not be discouraged. It is the times that bring forth the men. Throughout the world's history when occasion has arisen for great men, great men have arisen to take advantage of that occasion. You are lucky to have been born at this particular stage of our country's development, for you, too, will have open to you a chance of rendering her a service of which she is sorely in need. She calls and calls earnestly for a body of honest, intelligent political workers. Only let these workers be earnest and the future of the country is assured. Never pay any attention to the man, you are sure to meet him, who says to you "keep out of politics, they are corrupt, you can do no good and will only be contaminated by them." That man is either lacking in sense or a coward, lacking in sense if he thinks that honest work can ever be wholly unavailing and a coward if he fears to match himself against the unscrupulous in life's struggle. If you would avoid danger, adopt as your motto the words of Henry Clay, "I would rather be right than President."

I wonder if you boys, and now I address myself to the younger

members of the audience, I wonder if you boys ever realize what an important part of your life you are now living. Your characters are being formed and you are developing toward the future man. Your associations right here in these schools are going to be some of the most important factors in your make-up.

Every boy obtains two kinds of learning, one what he gets from books and the other what he gives himself. The latter perhaps is the more important. It is what the boy makes out of himself, through his association with other boys, and through having to do for himself and think for himself. It is his character training.

This he gets best at school. The Duke of Wellington, as he walked once in the declining years of his life, midst the scenes of his boyhood days at Eton School, said, "Here is where I learned the lessons that made it possible for me to conquer at Waterloo." It was right here in these public schools that the Union soldiers learned the lessons that made it possible for them to conquer at Gettysburg, that made it possible for them to carry their banners to the gates of Richmond and made this country of ours once more a united country.

And in your life here take care to remember the wise words of Wendell Phillips that "the efficient man is made not by floating with the current but by swimming against it." Do not let yourself be carried along in an easy comfortable way by the opinions of others. Strike out for yourself. Form your own opinions and stand up for your own principles, even if you have to fight for them. Provided there is a just cause, I believe a few hard rough and tumble fights are a good thing for a boy. They give him self-confidence and have their share in making the man of him.

Do not mistake me and think from my remarks that I would advise putting books on a back shelf and leaving them there. That is far from my purpose. Take your books in earnest, and whatever you do in them, do thoroughly. Friends exert a great influence over a boy's life, and it has been well said that to read a good book understandingly is to make a good friend. We are told of the boy who walked eighteen miles and worked all day to earn money to buy a book and then sat up all night to read it. That boy was bound to make a success of life and we honor

him for what he did. We are also told of the boy who earned the money to buy his Latin dictionary by picking chestnuts. Certainly we cannot apply to him the old Saxon proverb that "no fool is a perfect fool until he learns Latin." He earnestly desired learning and was willing to sacrifice other interests to the attainment of that end.

It was his spirit wherein his strength lay and just there is the essential point, spirit. I mean the spirit that enables the boy to put his whole heart and soul into whatever he is doing. Whether it be books or hockey or football makes no difference. If he can succeed at one and make a thorough success of it, he can succeed at another, and the time will come when the same spirit that made him the best scholar and the hardest player in school will make him successful in the life's career which he chooses. But beware of thinking over much about yourselves. It is sure to produce self-consciousness, and self-consciousness, bashfulness, always of disadvantage to the man. We have a professor at Yale who has never been able to overcome his natural tendency towards easy embarrassment. He once stepped into a horse car and finding himself unexpectedly standing before a lady, an acquaintance of his, was so overcome that he gave her the five cents and shook hands with the conductor.

Do not forget, though, about spirit. It is so important, and as much so to the girl as to the boy, only in her it should take a softer turn, enabling her to accomplish by dignity what the boy accomplishes by force.

I can think of no better thing for a boy, or girl either, than to become a hero-worshiper. I mean by hero-worship, devotion to some great man; the idolizing of some character, either of the present day or of history, and the earnest endeavor to pattern yourself after him. Realize the truth of the words of Carlyle, "No nobler feeling than that of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man." Choose some great man, learn all you can of his motives and ideas and make it your aim to become like him. Bring yourself to the point of worshipping him. Such a state of mind can do you no harm, and it surely will do you much good.

A little knowledge of our history gives an ample field for choice. We are to-day celebrating Washington's birthday. There is a truly great man and one of whom every American heart is proud, the hero of many a battle, the statesman who guided our country through the most trying years of her history. We hear of Washington as the hero of the Revolution. He was that, but he was much more; he was the Revolution. We hear of him as the mainstay of our government during the war. He was more than that; he was the government. And what was it but hero-worship that enabled him to accomplish what he did? His power lay in the absolute devotion of his followers to himself, and truer aimed devotion never existed. A closer study of his life but serves to bring into bolder relief those qualities which made him pre-eminent among men of his time—his calm judgment, his trueness, his sincerity, his depth of feeling. We find a true index to his character in his attitude at the constitutional convention, over which he presided, the object of universal respect. He said but little during the sessions of that august assembly, but his silent influence pervaded its entire deliberations. What higher praise could be given him?

Turning over the pages of our history, past many a noble man, any one of whom is worthy of devotion, past Hamilton, who at the age of seventeen commenced his active political career, past Jefferson, past Henry Clay, past Chief Justice Marshall, who had almost as much to do with making the constitution what it is to-day as the constitution makers themselves, past Webster, past Lincoln, we come to a name, comparatively insignificant beside these just mentioned, yet the very name we want—Phil Sheridan. I hope there is not a person who has never heard of Sheridan's ride. If there were I should sincerely pity him. Who has not read of the day doomed and reclaimed, of the victory lost and won, of the Union troops fleeing panic stricken down the valley, casting aside their arms and some even tearing the coats from their backs, that they might flee the faster, of the thunder of hoofs down the valley, of the sweating steed, upon his back General Sheridan, sword in hand and shouting, "Turn around boys, we are going the other way," of how he thundered up the valley, the soldiers

turning and following as he passed, and how the day was won again. There is a character for you. Cannot you love that man, love him for his courage, for his hope, for his trueness to his course? Cannot you worship him? His soldiers did. What else but their devotion to him, their confidence in him, made those panic-stricken men stop their flight, pick up their muskets and march again to face the death fire of the victorious enemy?

But to leave battlefields, statesmen and Presidents, and to come down to a time and man more closely in touch with us, I cannot pick out a better example for hero-worship than the late Phillips Brooks. If any of you wish to see a true and noble face, a face you can love without question and without knowing the person to whom it belongs, save up your money and buy a picture of Phillip Brooks. Hang it in your room and look at it whenever you get a chance. Study it, understand it, and you will be better for it.

All this talk of school, of books, of association, of football, of fights, of heroes and hero-worship is with a single purpose, and that is to let you boys see a few of the ways in which you may prepare yourselves for what you are going to be, intelligent American citizens. You, as public school graduates, will go to form the fiber of the nation, and on you very largely will fall the duty of intelligently deciding our political questions. Prepare yourselves for what is before you.

Do you realize the peculiar relation in which you stand to the state? To her you owe a double duty, first because you are under her protection and second because she is educating you. For that reason you have a right to feel superiority to the scholars of the best private schools. You are in direct contact with the state. You are in the service of the state. She is educating you with regard to her own and to your interests, and you should serve her with regard to her interests as well as with regard to your own. It is an honor to serve the state. You hold an honorable position.

Think of that when you look at the national flag flying from the school house pole. One of the most impressive scenes I ever witnessed was the taking in of the stars and stripes at sunset on

an American flag-ship. All eyes were turned toward the national emblem, and every head bared while the band played "The Star Spangled Banner." There is one of the few occasions on which the respect due the flag is rendered.

The American public system has been likened to the German military service system, for "it brings each young man of the land, once in his life, directly into the country's service, lets him directly feel the touch of its dignity and power, makes him proud of it as his personal commander, and so insures a more definite and vivid loyalty through all his life." Our public school system is something to be very proud of and from what small beginnings it came. The Boston town record for the 13th of February, 1635, contains the entry which should make that day ever memorable, for it was the birthday of our great school system. To you here assembled it should be especially interesting. Thus it ran: "At a general meeting upon publique notice * * * it was then generally agreed upon that our brother, Philemon Pormort, shall be entreated to become schole-master, for the teaching and nourtering of children among us." This led to the establishment of the first educational institution which was to live without break in America. Philemon Pormort; we can well imagine from the name what sort of a person it was to whom the youth of Boston were to be entrusted—a severe, forbidding, straight-laced Puritan, with a two-foot rule protruding from neath the back of his coat, more anxious, probably, to use that as a means of instruction than the speller or Latin grammar. His rule was short lived. Political disturbance crossed his path and he was forced to take to the woods, where he wandered some time half starved and half naked, a condition ill befitting a stolid school-master.

The destinies of the Boston school were committed to kinder hands, and it soon became famous. Its list of graduates boasted the name of Benjamin Franklin, and those of a number of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. We read that while at school some of them were called "best boys," a distinction which brought as reward a relaxation of discipline. They were allowed to laugh all they wanted, to saw the master's wood, to

weed his garden, and to bottle his cider. The last named occupation, perhaps, would appeal to the youth of the present day.

But enough of the Boston school. I wished only to give you a glimpse at the early history of your institution.

Boys, many of you will shortly graduate and others will be ready in the course of a year or so. Let us remember that life is a series of graduations and that with each we get one step higher in the ladder of success. Your graduations from one department to another of these public schools and their culmination, your final graduation from the high school, are each and every one of them important steps. Think well of each. Be sure to make each an upward step. Work toward a definite end and make that end the attainment of an ideal. An ideal is your thought of what it is best to be. You cannot get along without an ideal. No one can. And you cannot form your ideal too young. It will necessarily be imperfect and you will have to work to perfect it. Each graduation will put new elements into it. If you have not already formed an ideal, do so now. Become a hero-worshiper, or take that which you find best in your daily associations and build up an ideal of your own. Work for it, bearing always in mind what you are and what in a fuller sense you are going to be, American citizens. Make that your boast, and remember that every American citizen owes a sacred duty to his country, the duty of active interest in her political life.

PROGRAMME
at
THE AUDITORIUM.
At 4 P. M.

Grand Prelude, - - - - - Louis Falk.
March Patriotic - Chicago High School Orchestra and Organ.
Invocation - - - - - Rev. Charles E. Jefferson.
Oration, "War and Arbitration," - Hon. Frederic R. Coudert.
America, - Chorus from Chicago Schools and Audience.

Music under the direction of Prof. Gabriel Katzenberger.

Remarks of the Chairman,

Vice-President L. L. BOND.

Ladies and Gentlemen: The Union League Club was organized for various purposes besides its social features, and among them will be found the inculcation of a higher idea of the value and duties of American citizenship and unqualified loyalty to the government of the United States. Loyalty may be taught in various ways, and as our nation has advanced from an aggregation of a few feeble folks in the days of Washington to the foremost rank both as to peace and war, and as from its geographical position serious war clouds do not disturb its repose, it may well turn its civic forces to the promotion of "Peace on earth and good will to men," and to the realization of the hope of Christian statesmen that the day is not far distant when nations shall not learn war any more.

The birthday of Washington has not been selected for his personal glorification, but rather for the reason that he stands as first in so many directions. While his life and career are worthy of glorification and gratitude, and his devotion to his country, with an absence of personal ambitions, is to be held as worthy of all emulation, we turn to-day rather to the results of the work than to the workman himself, who was first in peace as well as in war.

The idea that there is no wisdom in war, after long centuries of fighting, is beginning to dawn on the minds of the people of many nations, and we now have before us the proposition looking to the ending of war between brethren, by arbitration.

The subject of arbitration will be presented on this occasion by one who is unusually well qualified; one who served his country as counsel in the Alaskan arbitration; one who is now on the arbitration commission for Venezuela; and one who has given much study, service and attention to this subject. I can

assure you in advance that you will listen to him with profit and pleasure. Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor and pleasure of presenting to you Hon. Frederic R. Coudert of New York, the guest of the Union League Club and the speaker of the day.

Oration, HON. FREDERIC R. COUDERT.

“WAR AND ARBITRATION.”

We are gathered here to-day in honor of the founder of our nation, or as we prefer in filial reverence to call him—the father of our country. Our jealous love for him will allow no other statue a place on the same pedestal, none other shall stand as a rival in his claim to our devotion. For his light shone in the dark days as the only star that meant hope, his steadfastness kept the tottering young nation from despair, his genius and serenity, his faith and his courage inspired and strengthened those who were fighting the great fight. But for him and his inspiration who will venture to say that the freemen of to-day would not have been the defeated rebels of the past, who will study the fearful odds and dispute his claim to our gratitude so long as we remain one people? Overwhelming odds tested his genius, treason wrung his heart, jealousies and rivalries baffled his plans, but the majesty of his soul was undisturbed. As though a ray of divine inspiration had touched his spirit, he looked beyond the trials, perplexities and cares of each day and saw the vision which others were blind to enjoy. He could remain firm without the encouragement of victory, he could accept defeat without despondency, he made stepping stones of disaster and amazed the world by his fortitude. Benedict Arnold might wound his heart, but even that cruel wound could not open the way to despair. His half-clad and half-fed troops might leave the track of bloody feet in the snows of New Jersey, but the radiant vision never melted from his sight. His powerful enemies might send veteran troops in huge bodies to crush the struggling rebels, but his faith never faltered. The day would surely come when the dreams became reality, and after great tribulation and trial and

suffering a new child would be born into the family of nations—a child destined to become a giant, strong enough to fear no enemy but itself.

We have indeed many great names in our national gallery besides that of Washington. Many men, during the short history of a century, have carved their names in deep letters on the world's story. From the earliest day we have had statesmen who built wisely and well for the country's good; from Adams and Jefferson to the men now living and now striving to carry on the work of the fathers, we have had leaders eminent in peace. But yet the universal voice still clamors with the first instinct of discerning gratitude, "He was first in peace."

The records of our army blaze with glorious traditions. Scott of Lundy's Lane and Mexico, Grant of Vicksburg and the Wilderness, Hancock the Superb, Sherman, Sheridan, McClellan, Thomas, a very host of giants have won immortal fame on hard-fought fields, but yet the people still proclaim him "the first in war." Patriots, pure and unselfish, orators eloquent and earnest for the people's good, judges whose patient research and learning have helped to build our young republic on a solid foundation of law, these have not worked in vain and will live in the memory of generations to come, but yet the pulse of the nation beats with accelerated life when he is mentioned, for he still stands, "first in the hearts of his countrymen." No wonder then that sixty million people are willing that the restless activities of their daily lives should stop for a day in order that they may wrap themselves up in his memory as in a garment, and still look to him for wise counsel. Those who have lived as Washington lived, yield but a part of themselves to the grave. The example, the inspiration, the patriotic endurance and unselfishness, all these are beyond the reach of rust and decay. They teach their lesson, even when the centuries have gone and need no voice to perpetuate their benefactions.

What shall we do this day, to prove the sincerity of our professions? how best can we honor him? Truly the better way would be to look for something wherewith to serve our country, to bring some earnest thought to the great problems which

it is our function to solve. To carry fragrant flowers to the tomb of the illustrious dead is indeed a graceful tribute of affection, to pronounce eulogies in their honor is decorous and just; but to consecrate ourselves anew on each coming day that recalls the birth of Washington to the service of our country is surely the noblest way to do him honor. For then we but follow the example of him who pledged life and fortune and sacred honor to the cause of the people, and we may confidently believe that were his cold lips allowed to move in admonition to the people who love him, he would bid them intermit empty pageants and funereal ostentation that they might look to the future and the future's dawn and seek to make it brighter. If those wise lips could move, do we not know from the teachings of his life that he would warn our people against anger and revenge, that he would teach them the horrors of war and the beauties of peace? Would we not be taught in solemn accents that a great nation may be patient without shame, and may with honor forbear to strike? He was first in war and knew its horrors; he was first in peace and knew its beauty. Can we doubt that his blessing would have been, with the Divine benediction, on the peace makers; can we doubt that the lovers of war would have been thrust aside as enemies of his people? He could tell us that in war the burden of the day and the heat are the people's lot and hard to bear; that the joyousness of peace is the people's opportunity and the laborers' inheritance. Where would he stand, think you, if the key of the Temple of Janus were in his hand, and he could, by a turn of that key, shut off war's frowning face and silence war's harsh voice?

We may then on this day, so especially his own, raise our voice in favor of peace, the handmaid of art, the friend of science, the mother of industry and the promoter of all good; we may recall to our own minds the claims that she has to our duty, while the true nature of war, in dark and deadly contrast, is shorn of its meretricious charm and stands out as the old time and persistent enemy of the human race.

From the early day when the first born of a woman slew his brother war has been the chief occupation of mankind. No con-

dition of the human race has been so debased that the successful warrior has not stood above his fellows; no condition has been so exalted that the successful warrior has not stood above his brethren. He has always received the homage of his tribe, his clan, or his country, and been honored in direct proportion to the human lives that he has taken. The patient student whose midnight labors have enriched the world, the inspired artist whose works undying and never old delight generations of men, the poet who imprisons in his verse the beauties of nature and gives a voice to the aspirations of the human race, all these may earn the admiration of mankind, but the military hero has always been the favored object of universal praise. Whether his name be Alexander or Caesar, Hannibal or Napoleon, Frederic or Charles, he is the easy winner in the competition for fame. Homer himself, the blind bard, and master in all the ages, still lives because he was divinely skilled in telling how a Greek hero smote a Trojan warrior to death by hurling at his devoted head a stone which four men of more recent and degenerate times could scarcely lift. Virgil lives because his warrior showed his manhood in seizing another man's land and killing the owner with cruel sword aggravated by eloquent speech. Milton himself might have knocked in vain at the gate of the temple of fame if he had not in sublime music, sung of the battle between the spirits of light and the angels of darkness. Ordinary avocations have always seemed tame and unprofitable when placed by the side of the gorgeously appareled and finely mounted hero. He appeals to the imagination and draws the applause of men and women alike; for the women themselves with a boy baby in their arms rejoice with glittering eyes as they look upon the hero and his horse; they wonder in their gentle hearts whether their own chubby idol may not some day proudly charge with brave companions, and shouts and music, and all the accompaniments of war to kill so many of his brethren that he will live forever in history. What wonder if he, when of full size, may be moved on slight temptation, to enter the lists and to strive at his life's peril for the great rewards that accompany wholesale and patriotic homicide.

Small wonder then that the war superstition should have endured so long, that it should have been so general, that it should have been like the Christian Church, *semper, ubique, omnibus*.

Nor can we wonder that man should have been prone to war, when we consider his nature and his necessities. Like most other animals of creation he is a fighting animal. Whether with his nails and fists or with a club; whether with a stone hatchet or an iron javelin; whether with sword or repeating rifle, he has always been ready and anxious to fight and to kill something or someone. In the evolution from his humble beginnings, man has retained part of his inferior attributes. At times he is a model of strength and courage, then we dub him the lion hearted, or he is greedy and timid, and Homer stamps him as a creature with the eyes of a dog and the heart of a doe, or he is crafty and unscrupulous in dealing with his enemy and we style him a fox. Such are the varieties of his nature that we can always find a prototype for him in the catalogue of beasts. The inferiority of his origin still clings to him, and leaves the atavistic taint thus plainly perceptible. He will only acquire new and higher standards of comparison when unlike the lion, his brother, and the dog, his cousin, and the fox, his poor relation, he has raised himself to greater heights. When being a giant, with a giant's strength, he forbears, because it is tyrannous, to use it, when passion stands back in respectful obedience to take the commands of justice, when reason speaks first and last and is strong enough to stifle the voice of anger and foolish resentment, when this new era of development has taken the place of the old dispensation, then may we look for new standards of comparison; the ancient ones will no longer fit the situation.

Nor is the transmitted tendency alone to blame. Necessity, born of the primeval curse, suffered no intermission in the work of violence. So long as food was scarce and could be had only by strenuous exertion, and the struggle for life really meant a hand to hand contest with man and beast, so long was it certain that peace could only be bought with submission, and must wear the badge of servitude. The serf or slave must do the bidding of his lord as the price of protection from outside persecutors;

the man on horseback did the fighting as his part of the contract. And as he exposed his life with generous courage he became the gentleman, partly because he wielded a sword and still more because he wielded no useful implement. To drive a furrow was the occupation of an inferior, to gladden the face of the earth with a harvest unworthy any but a vassal. Labor meant degradation; it fell only to the lot of those who were born to be the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. Even after Christianity had shed her light upon the dark spots of the world the many must work for the few, and the few because they did not work were credited with a finer clay than that which made up the producer.

But gradually, through the slow evolution of ages, the intelligence of the world was quickened and it was found easier to raise one's own bread than to wrest the bread of another by force of arms. The fashion copied from the locust swarms of invading the neighboring territory and devouring its fruits, being mutual, became inconvenient. To own and to keep a field was found to be as profitable as to roll along in caravans eating up vast territories that became deserts because they would not bloom without labor, and labor is the twin brother of security. The gentle example of the early monks was not without its weight. They laid the blessing of industrious hands upon the wilderness, and the wilderness fled before them, making way for gardens that gladdened the eye and filled the mouths of the hungry. Wars kept on, sometimes for the pleasure of kings, sometimes because they could not be avoided, but in time fighting became a trade, and the soldier became a professional. The mass of the nation was allowed to do its work, harried it is true, persecuted, ruined, despoiled and outraged, sometimes by one side, sometimes by the other, oftener by both, but on the whole labor had some opportunity to carry out its mission of civilization, and the laborer began to have a value.

Herein lies one of the first objections to the claims of war. Killing has become much more expensive than in the old days when the serfs and villeins and canaille counted for so little. They have placed a higher value on themselves, and the powers must, willingly or the reverse, accept their own valuation. A

well-known historian, with accustomed exaggeration, gravely tells his readers that a nobleman of France, in the ante-revolution days could not bathe his hands in the blood of more than one peasant on his return from the chase, a ghastly bit of pleasantry which need not be taken seriously. There is nothing in the history of the French nobility to show that their tastes ran in that direction. But allowing for such extravagances of statement, it is certain that the peasant's life was not then of any appreciable value, financially, to any one but himself and his family. To him and them it meant much more than to the lord who had so many multiplying around him, after the fashion of the poor, that occasional and trifling reductions were of no great moment. Jacques Bonhomme, whether on French or German or English soil, discovered in time how valuable he was, and the consciousness has grown, and what is better still the great have found it out in their turn. It is not, of course, easy to place a value on human life; estimates differ according to the subject, the locality, the value of money. We, in New York, have sought to confine the liberality of juries to \$5,000 and to permit the corporation or individual to acquit himself or itself of responsibility of a life by paying that sum. But even this limitation has not seemed sufficient to the people who make the laws, and the restriction has been removed, thus leaving us without any legislative estimate of what a life is worth. We do know, however, that a strong man, with a stout heart and willing hands, is part of the moral and material wealth of the land; we know that to crush out that life with all its actual and potential good is a crime that cries out with the blood that mounts in vapor to the skies, bringing down by its mute but eloquent protest a benediction on all who will strive and pray and work to make such crimes rarer and rarer every day that the sun rises.

The historian of the late Franco-Prussian war tells us in a few lines that the Germans killed in one battle some twenty thousand brave French soldiers, and that the French on the same day slew and wounded the same number of brave German soldiers, and that the troops on both sides behaved very well. Forty thousand valiant men, in one summer's day, the flower of two

great countries, mangled to death, in many cases before they could see the instrument of their destruction, powerless many of them to show their courage, except by their patient endurance, standing up as helpless victims before brutal and invisible agencies of death; forty thousand boys and men with unlimited treasures of usefulness to home and country in their strong hands, all gone in a breath, but with the consoling epitaph that they fought well. Did France and Germany, when they read that record, ask themselves if there was no other way to settle imaginary or even real disputes than this? Did they count the cost and value of these lives and ask themselves whether in familiar phrase the game was worth the candle? Or were they satisfied on both sides the crimson stream, with the reflection that the dead men, before they died, had fought so well?

If this had been all! But these early hecatombs were but a foretaste of more to come. The new guns continued to do splendid work on both sides. The fame of Herr Krupp and his products grew with the victims of his formidable machinery of death. The needle-gun did fine execution, so did the chassepot, and it is even yet a question with experts, which of these two weapons can, under favorable circumstances, kill more men in a given time. Thus one of the objects of the great war failed, and it is not yet definitely ascertained whether the French had better take up with the needle-gun or the Germans with the chassepot. They are both excellent of their kind, and can make more widows and fatherless children in the twinkling of an eye, than Satan himself could have dreamed of a century ago.

If this, the last, or rather the most recent of the great wars, failed to settle this important question, what has it settled? The sole difference between the two nations had something to do with the Spanish throne, and the Hohenzollern princes, yet in the treaty of Frankfort we find nothing that affects the succession to that throne, nor any limitation upon that family to accept such royal situations as they may please. But the treaty did in very plain terms provide that Germany should be rewarded with two French provinces and four thousand million francs of French money. So that for twenty-six years past France has mourned

over the loss of her two daughters and regretted the ill use to which her treasury had been put; during the same period Germany has spent these millions over and over again lest the peace be broken by which she keeps her new possessions. And that the circle of peace-loving nations may be complete they all follow the same impulse and drag the men from the fields and the coin from the treasury to defend their provinces, or in the coming wreck of things to secure those that belong to their neighbors. Thus are they all running a mad race to bankruptcy or mutual extermination to save their honor if it should be assailed, to protect their interests if they should be imperiled, to destroy their neighbors if it should be expedient.

Thus it is that the great Franco-Prussian war settled nothing, but unsettled everything! Thus it is that six nations of Europe spend annually eight hundred millions of dollars lest the peace be broken and keep three million men under arms for fear of war. Thus it is that ten million men are ready to take their designated places on the checkerboard of war as soon as the signal is given. A condition of things absolutely unknown since the world was made; a threat of horrors which the human imagination is powerless to picture. The very magnitude of the indescribable slaughter, confusion, ruin and desolation impending over the world is the safeguard of humanity; it affords a hope to the man who loves his kind. The time seems near at hand when utter exhaustion will do what sound reason has been powerless to accomplish. The blessings of national bankruptcy have not yet been fully appreciated by the victims of war.

How easily the calamity breeding war between these two great nations might have been avoided may readily be told. There was in fact no quarrel between them, although a growing jealousy and a feeling that the continent was too small for the aggrandizement of both. It was not an injury in the past, nor a grievance in the present that divided them into hostile camps; it was the apprehension on the one side that at some future day something might be tolerated by the other which ought to be resented, if it happened to be done. On that other side the confidence, justified by the event, that if it came to hard blows Ger-

many would derive a profit from her expenditure of men and money. In the temper of both there was little room for adjustment, except by friendly intervention. Great Britain made the offer, and it is as certain as any event that has not actually become a fact, that a frank understanding through this friendly aid would have dispelled the clouds. The treaty of 1856 to which both France and Germany were parties was invoked to make intervention possible, but France rested her refusal upon the liberty allowed each party to that instrument to be the sole judge in all matters which involved her dignity. Prussia also declined the golden opportunity, and we know the result. France has atoned in the dust of defeat and humiliation of a dismembered territory for this view of what constituted a nation's dignity. Her trials and sufferings have not been in vain if the world has learned a lesson from her fate, and if her victor, even in his triumph, has discovered that such triumphs may be too dearly bought.

The Franco-Prussian war has been selected and dwelt upon out of so many other wars, because it is the most recent and the most destructive, and the most causeless of modern times. It is a barren study to inquire into the respective responsibility of either nation. The warlike instincts of both were aroused, and where two men or two million men are anxious for a quarrel the malignant fates to which they listen so readily, are sure to afford the pretext. Like our own War of Secession, the causes were sown many years before the victims fell upon the battlefield. These causes were deep in human nature and in past history. The fruit had grown, and it must be plucked. But we are wiser to-day and know that there are other means of reconciling international quarrels, besides emulation in homicide. Strangely enough we, the youngest people on this planet, at least among the mighty nations of the world, have been schoolmasters for a hundred years. We have taught the possibility of ruling a great nation by law alone; we have taken the scepter from kings and given it to judges with advantage; we have suffered free speech and free writing to be pushed to the verge of lunacy and yet have kept our freedom.

Unconsciously the nations of the world are looking to us and

following with hesitating step in the paths that we have trodden. Since we have, at the expense of costly amputation, rid ourselves of the blight of slavery, we stand morally, in the very vanguard of civilized mankind; while we have been great enough to fear no army or navy of the world, we have shown our greatness still more conspicuously by our admiration of and devotion to peace. From the earliest days of our history, we have condemned war as the enemy of the human race, from the earliest days we have advocated arbitration as the only reasonable method of adjusting disputes.

Over one hundred years ago the young Commonwealth made its first Treaty of Arbitration to settle a question of boundaries with Great Britain, and from that day until this, she has never hesitated to control her resentments and to hold back the anger of her people that judgment and not violence might determine the right. From that time until to-day we have on forty-seven occasions appeared as parties in these international litigations. In every case we have accepted the verdict as fully and freely as though countless bayonets were ready to enforce it, until we have established a practice of justice and fair dealing which has called forth the admiration of the world. Great Britain, to her honor be it said, has not been far behind us in the example that we have given. She, too, has preferred law to violence, and the two great English-speaking nations have seized every opportunity to resort to the forms of justice which appeal to their reason, rather than to indulge those instinctive resentments which are part of man's inferior nature. There are few more hopeful signs in the history of arbitration than that between Great Britain and the United States, which is known as the Geneva Arbitration. It is the most conspicuous instance of a resort to friendly adjustment where provocation was so great, for our people had indeed suffered under a real and bitter grievance. When the very existence of the nation was in jeopardy, when brother was arrayed against brother and the whole fabric of our government was tottering to possible ruin, a friendly nation connived at efforts of the Union's enemies, and indirectly aided at their attempts at our disruption. If there is anything more difficult to forgive than injury we have suffered,

it is the injury that we have inflicted. Both nations therefore had much to forgive and much cause for resentment, but they mastered the temptation, and the result was the great lesson of the century. Since this great object lesson in international arbitration, it is idle to talk of insurmountable obstacles in the way of promoting peace. If the United States could condone the depredations of the Alabama, and Great Britain could pay for them as she did, arbitration must be easy. But it was never so easy as to-day. All the civilization of the age is against war, and its intelligence, and learning, its science and its art, its greater tenderness for human life, its love of the beautiful, its commercial interests, all these are co-operating in harmonious solicitude to drive war from the face of the earth. The world knows too much to put its faith in war. What has war ever done to settle great questions? I speak not of defensive wars, of resistance to unjust aggression, for these may no more be condemned than the effort of the peaceful traveler to resist the banditti who look to his purse. Nations may be broken up and divided as in the case of the early colonies and Great Britain, and of the several American Republics and Spain, and war seem unavoidable, although even then a rational agreement would be infinitely more profitable than the shedding of a common blood by the hands of kin. I speak of war as a conflict between the independent nations, striving to obtain satisfaction for wounded honor, or to settle a boundary question or to collect a financial claim. This procedure as a means of obtaining justice is fast becoming obsolete. And how should it be otherwise? Montaigne has truly said, "That the envy or spite of one single man, his pleasure, or a fit of domestic jealousy, causes that ought not to excite two fish wives to scratch one another's faces,—these have been causes enough for great trouble." But despotic rulers with this power for mischief are fortunately rare. The people must be consulted about war, and have a voice on the subject.

There is no more formidable obstacle to causeless international conflict than the newspaper, provided the soldier can read it, which in our country, at least, he generally can do. True, the newspaper sometimes indulges for temporary purposes in wordy efferves-

cence, and seeks to stimulate the fighting spirit for no wholesome end, but upon the whole the influence of the press is an influence of peace. The press realizes the value of international harmony from the standpoint of commerce, and on grave occasions is ready to advise against violence, to deprecate rashness, and to prefer reasonable settlement to violent experiment. It has done much to prevent war by bringing vivid pictures of its horrors into every home, by tearing off some of its fine, but false, pretenses; by showing its ghastliness and ruthless destruction, as they were never shown before. Butchery unadorned is not a pleasant subject of contemplation. The war correspondent has been an apostle of peace: he has made his pen-pictures preach an unconscious sermon to his readers. The pity of it never struck the looker-on as it does to-day. We generally saw war at a great distance, as through a glass darkly, and heard but a vague and uncertain echo of the turmoil. The heinousness of the crime of causeless war was never fully realized until it was felt that this was not the only means of vindicating national rights. It is possible to settle questions without violating all the commandments: it is not impossible to preserve national self-respect without the sacrifice of human victims. The boy who has grown into manhood after passing through years of schooling is taught these things, and learns that he himself has a certain importance. He may be only a pawn on the chequer-board, but pawns may check the king. He may overrate but certainly does not underestimate his importance, and readily learns that he has a real, if uncertain, cash value. He does not care of his own free choice to shoulder a musket, even of the latest pattern, unless it is plain to him that the honor of his country is at stake. He is above all things practical. He will lay down his life, if needs be, as bravely as the offshoot of any other race, but he will not be contented with a vague formula; he must have a reason for leaving his workshop or his farm to put on a uniform, and looks to the press to tell him what the quarrel is about. He has been told and taught, and is ready to believe that quarrels can be settled by judges as well where millions of men are concerned on each side as where single litigants are engaged in vindicating their respective rights.

He is practical, and therefore wants a real solution. He wants a decision that settles something. He knows that wise and honest men who have carefully studied the evidence are more likely to reach the requirements of justice than armed troops, however brave; with their commanders, however patriotic! The wisest and best of the soldiers whom he has known have admonished him against war. "War is hell," said General Sherman, and this monosyllabic description can scarcely be improved in brevity and truth. He had seen it at its worst, and had emerged from it one of the idols of his people, but he knew because he had seen, that the horrors that we can only imagine as the accompaniments of perdition may alone give an adequate idea of the horrors of real war.

General Grant, who stands as high in our esteem as any commander since Washington, also denounced the expense and savagery of war to his people. He told them in accents, the sincerity of which no man can doubt, that he never knew a quarrel which could not have been better composed by friendly adjustment than by resort to war.

Such authorities as these will more than outweigh the few exceptions which we find to pat war on the back as a blessing, and to praise it as a divine agency for good. Hegel, for instance, says that war is not an absolute evil, and that perpetual peace would be a condition of moral stagnation for the nations. DeMaistre, adopting a higher tone, declares that war is a Divine fact, an instrument of the Kingdom of Providence destined to the necessary expiation of the crimes of men. The soldier and the executioner, he thinks, are both professional killers who should be equally honored. It is a pity that such writers of paradox cannot find a less ghastly subject for the exercise of their unconscious humor. The most conspicuous advocate of war in modern times, however, is Marshal Moltke. "War," he says, "enters into the views and designs of Providence; it is a means for the people worthy of fulfilling their object on earth, a Divine mission not to fall into decay and to re-temper the edge of their manhood." A curious way, indeed, of avoiding decadence and an expensive one. Was it necessary to slaughter the 40,000 unfortunate men on the

field at Vionville and St. Privat in order to retemper the manhood of these two great nations? How many soldiers should be slain and how many villages burned, and how many provinces devastated before the highest culture is reached? When and how can we be certain that decadence is stayed, and that the progress requires no further killing of men? Who shall furnish periodical and plausible pretexts for war to be applied when the necessity arrives, not that justice may have her sway, but that men may not be pampered into effeminacy by the charms of peace? We might ask this great warrior when he discovered, and how, that war entered into the views and designs of Providence? What winged messenger of the Prince of Peace vouchsafed for his private illumination the fearful fact that war was permitted to nations worthy of fulfilling upon earth a Divine mission to preserve them from decay? If we can feel quite sure that this accomplished soldier really was inspired to express such appalling sentiments, we must despair of the future of the world. Then, indeed, may peace, veiling her tear-stained face, fall at the feet of these great warriors, proclaim her abdication, and yield her sweet offices to the demands of bloody war.

No, neither Marshal Moltke nor others who may take the same dark view of the tendencies of the human race can stem the current and beat down the rising tide. The world has supped full of horrors and slaughter and needless destruction for thousands of years, and when the dawn appears on the horizon we may be assured that the sunshine is about to rise; we know that the storm is over when the sky is red.

It is true that the more humane civilization of the age has sought to mitigate the cruelties inseparable from a condition of war. The victorious army no longer turns its prisoners into food. The vanquished are no longer sold as slaves for the enrichment of the captors; they are treated with such humanity as the situation of the parties permits. But, nevertheless, the horrors and destruction incident to modern warfare are ascending in a rapidly increasing ratio. The ingenuity of man is nowhere more manifest than where he devises means for dealing death upon his fellows. While, as we have seen, there may be a rational difference

of opinion as to the comparative merits of the chassepot and the needle gun, the race has not stopped. One nation has adopted a new rifle which is spoken of with delight and admiration by experts. It is a gem as an agent of speedy annihilation. The bullet has emerged from the elementary condition as a simple perforator of the human organs, for it has been taught, while it breaks the bone, at the same time to pulverize it, so that the great advantage is presented by its use not only of temporarily disabling the smitten limb, but of insuring against the recovery of the victim, the superadded benefit of compulsory amputation being among the rewards of the new plan. Besides, the bullet itself is encased in nickel plate, thus affording in its approved appearance an artistic presentation of improved capacity for mischief which deserves admiration and praise if it be inspired by Providence to prevent national decay.

Thus for the smaller weapon, which can only deal death at the rate of three or four men to one bullet. But the main progress seems to be in the production of the huge monster whose powers to mow down columns of men like blades of grass have been greatly increased. The new Canet gun, which appears to have been adopted as a peace preserver by the French Government, will throw a shell loaded with 300 bullets five times a minute with a range of seven thousand yards. But Herr Krupp is not to be outdone by these Gallic efforts to avoid war, and it is mysteriously said that he has contributed to the good cause a still more eloquent advocate of German philanthropy. It is suggested in addition that such improvements in armaments will require additions to the army, which will be increased in France by 75,000 men, naturally necessitating the same addition of guardians of the peace on the side of Germany. We are thus rapidly approaching the hitherto unknown condition where huge armies will destroy each other before either is visible to the other, save through a telescope. Perhaps this intolerable progress is to be the means in the designs of Providence for averting a conflict which no man can contemplate without the feeling that a new vista of horrors may teach the world, at any moment, that the wars of the past have been as the games of children.

If the advocates of war will only ponder upon these things, and try to bring before the eye of their fancy an image of the possibilities which they are striving to turn into probabilities, they may conclude that the blood-letting which they so cheerfully advocate may not be regulated according to hygienic principles. The life blood of a nation is too precious to be left to the mercy of experts, who are experts only in shedding it, but who are not always able to stop the flow of the life-giving fluid after they have started it. For war is cruel and wasteful at its best, and we may expect to see it at its worst when it next breaks out: what that worst may be imagination cannot picture, for there is nothing in the records of the past to afford facilities of comparison.

To-day the United States and Great Britain are striving to crown the glories of this dying century with something better and greater than the world has seen. It is proposed to abolish homicide as a test of international right, by submitting causes of dispute to the calm judgment of wise men: a solution so simple and so economical that it requires great ingenuity to assail it with plausible reasons. All concede that in theory the plan is admirable, and that in practice on a limited scale it has proved of priceless value, that it is infinitely more likely to produce rational results than the only other alternative, viz: resort to war.

But, say the objectors, what if our national honor should become involved! A momentous question indeed, and one absolutely impossible of reply, until we are told what is this national honor, wherein it lies, and how best it may be asserted. In what one of our many differences with Great Britain has our honor become so involved that the delicacy of its constitution required a prompt and vigorous regime of blood and iron? And yet we have had hot and long disputes where honor might have been called to the front by either nation, and made the pretense for a refusal to arbitrate. A nation's honor, I would venture to say, is never compromised by temperance or injured by forbearance. A nation's honor is not served by rash counsels, nor by violent impulses recklessly indulged in. It is, indeed, a frail and delicate possession, if it cannot live in an atmosphere of peace; it is a dangerous one if it is tarnished by friendly discussion and a disposition to

hearken to the voice of justice. National honor may perhaps shine all the brighter when a great nation is slow to admit that her just dignity may be imperiled by the act of others. The honor of a nation is in her keeping, not in that of her neighbors. It cannot be lost save by her own act. To preserve her honor should be her main object and purpose, but she should not readily believe those who tell her that by hard blows alone may its integrity be protected. A nation's honor consists in fidelity to her engagements, in carrying out her contracts in spirit as in the letter, in paying her just debts, in respecting the rights of others, in promoting the welfare of her people, in the encouragement of truth, in teaching obedience to the law, in cultivating honorable peace with the world. How can our national honor be so grievously invaded that there can be no room for remonstrance, no time for discussion, no opportunity allowed the aggressor for amendment? Spain within a few years offended Germany most grievously, and it was said insulted her flag, but Germany nevertheless arbitrated with Spain, and allowed the Pope to decide the question at issue. Has Germany's honor suffered thereby? We seized British ships in the Behring Sea and condemned them in our ports, a most grievous insult according to the sensitive and self-constituted custodians of British honor, but Great Britain adopted peaceful counsels, and a wise court heard, examined and decided the case without any apparent injury to British honor. Why is war a more reliable defender of our national honor than arbitration? Readiness to fight may serve to prove that our country is not afraid to fight, but the world knows that to-day, and needs no proof. War may prove that we have a gallant people behind our government willing to spend life and fortune for a good cause, but the world knows that of old. Why renew the proof? War may show that our financial resources are practically inexhaustible, and that we are able to build and buy the most approved engines of destruction, but that, too, is of public notoriety. Let us not call witnesses where the facts are conceded, nor embark upon expensive methods to satisfy the world of what the world is already quite convinced. As with men, honor often means pride unembarrassed by scruples, so it may be with

a nation. The standard with men differs according to latitude and surroundings, to social institutions and traditions, to civilization, religion and many things. Men resort to the shot-gun, the revolver, the bowie knife or the club to heal or defend their honor, and lose it as often as they mend it. The effort of civilization has been for years to teach them that violence is not the safest champion of offended dignity, that the methods of the bravo, the manners of the ruffian, or the tyranny of the bully may best be dealt with by a firm court and an officer of the law. Why should nations be prompt to seek redress through force, so long as reason may be heard and reason's voice is still respected?

Bluster with nations as with individuals is dying out. It is heard at times, but its voice squeaks, and shows senility. It cannot as of old arouse a nation into unthinking wrath nor drive it from its propriety. The wisdom and the experience of the world are against it.

It was a favorite saying of Napoleon,—he had borrowed it from Montesquieu,—“That no man is strong enough to fight against *la nature des choses*” (the nature of things). It will get the best of him in the end, for the moral forces of nature are based on immutable and eternal principles; they will not be put down. They may be delayed, but they cannot be stayed.

The day has gone by when honorable preferment could only be gained in war. The splendid triumphs of peace are winning over the heart of man from the glories of war. Perhaps the boy of to-day by the time he has cast his first vote may think it as well to be an Edison as a Napoleon, a Pasteur as a Wellington, a Franklin as a Von Moltke, to build as to destroy, to save as to kill, to love as to hate. To labor for his bread and to earn it by the sweat of his face is the curse, mercifully transferred into a blessing, but labor must and shall enjoy its reward in peace. The Divine Founder of the Christian Church gave His peace and left His peace to those who followed Him as a priceless gift: now His followers with insistent prayer, that has been growing into irresistible volume, demand of their rulers that this inheritance shall not be taken from them on vain and shallow pretexts. Order has become the watchword of a growing civilization, and

order means the law, not the law of violence; not the law of facetiously called the law of war, that is the law of lawlessness, but the law which grows from a living sense of justice, which depends upon reason, which invokes patience.

The war of the future shall be the bloodless war of right against wrong, of good against evil, of truth against falsehood. We have had bitter and bloody wars called wars of religion, but the universal rule to-day is toleration and charity in the realm of conscience. Can we, shall we, in the light of nineteen centuries of Christianity, ever see such wars again? We have had great wars of succession, but the succession of kings and presidents are settled by law and the right to rule as a Divine gift, if ever claimed, causes a smile of courteous commiseration. Wars of conquest have devastated the world, but who seeks to-day to remove his neighbor's landmark? The grave causes of war that made deadly conflicts as inevitable as they were frequent, have died out. The old element of personal prowess, too, is fast disappearing. Fancy the grim veterans of Napoleon's Old Guard as with steady eye and steady step they marched with glistening bayonets to decide the day, cool as on a holiday parade, ready to die for their great leader's fame, knowing but one duty and doing it. Fancy them to-day with modern weapons mocking their courage and bidding them die before they could reach their foe. Fancy our gallant Sheridan with his Winchester braves charging a battery of guns that kill at five miles' distance, or meeting infantry that was meeting out death at such rate that personal gallantry meant only patient endurance of certain death. Let those who talk of war and its glories ponder upon these things and remember to what they would condemn the men whom they so flippantly enlist for the battles of the future. The prejudices, caprices, errors and passions of men may defer the hour of triumph, but come it must. The constant tendency of man is towards peace, as soon as he emerges from the primitive condition wherein he most closely resembles the inferior tenants of the earth. Individually, he longs for rest and the enjoyment of life. He undergoes hardships that he may have security and ease. Two thousand years ago the

Roman poet expressed it in his graceful verse, that can be only inadequately transferred into English:—

Caught in the wild Ægean Seas
The sailor bends to Heaven for ease,
While clouds the fair moon's lustre hide,
And not a star his course to guide.
Furious in war the Thracian prays
The quivered Mede, for Ease, for Ease,
A blessing never to be sold,
For gems, for purple or for gold.

—(Odes II, XVI, I.)

The good fight of peace and for peace is fairly won. Honor to those who have achieved it, and shown themselves the friends of the human race. The great consummation may be deferred, but come it will. As Hamlet said of Death:—

If it be now then it is not to come,
If it be not to come it will be now,
If it be not now, yet it will come,—

—(Hamlet, Act V, Scene II.)

PROCEEDINGS

at the

BANQUET.

AFTER DINNER.

"The Orator of the Day," - Hon. Frederic R. Coudert

"The Influence of Character," - Hon. James R. Garfield

"The Man Who Will Rule," - - Rev. Charles E. Jefferson

"National Honor versus National Greed,"
Colonel Henry L. Turner

"An Incident in the Life of Washington,"
Hon. A. B. Cummins

THE SPEECHES.

It was nearly half past eight when Toastmaster L. L. Bond rapped for order. He said:

A few days ago I received a letter from your most excellent President, Thomas B. Bryan, stating he was in durance vile. The doctor had told him that he must be confined for many weeks; that his imprisonment was severe, but that the doctor assured him that in due time, if he behaved himself, he would regain his liberty.

He also desired that I should extend to you his thanks for electing him President of the Union League Club of Chicago, a position which he regards as worthy of high ambition; and to express to you his regrets and profound sorrow that he is not able to meet with you on this important occasion. You all know his sincerity and singleness of purpose, so that no words of mine can emphasize his disappointment.

For ourselves, I can say that we profoundly regret his absence and its cause, as we shall miss the grace, ease and perfection of his manner of presiding, as well as the inspiration of his genial presence.

"Men may come and men may go," but still the world moves on. So we come again to the natal day of one who in his span of life rendered us and the world great service, and who has long since gone to his rest, and all the clouds which lowered upon our house in his day are deep buried in the ocean's bosom.

The fact that political storms and clouds have come and passed away does but presage that other clouds and storms may come, so that it has passed into the proverb that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Each day and generation has its national and civic problems which require wisdom, patience and patriotism for their solution. It is therefore fitting that at least once a year we should devote

a day to patriotism or love of country, and this by considering the character, life and services of George Washington as an object lesson in making ourselves unselfish servants of the public weal, and putting patriotism first on our list of civic virtues and following it as a guide for all of our actions; and so holding up the virtues and patriotic actions of the fathers as an inspiration to noble deeds, let us rejoice that wisdom and patriotism have not perished from our beloved country, and, above all, that He who rules the universe and hath declared to us the brotherhood of all mankind has not withdrawn from us the light of his countenance.

It has been our custom from the beginning upon occasions of this character to propound certain topics for consideration, and to have them presented by wise men drawn from the people, who will discourse upon them in an instructive and entertaining manner, and I have the pleasure of presenting one who has done his country service without being ambitious for official preferment.

And we have for the first toast of the evening, the orator of the day. I hardly know what he will say upon that subject. I asked the chairman if it was expected that he would enter upon a laudation of himself; that perchance he might be a very modest man and unwilling to do that, and, at all events, much prefer that others should do it rather than he should do it himself, and he assured us at the Auditorium, with such earnestness, that he was a modest man, that I felt disposed to believe him, and I believe it yet, and I was told that, not knowing upon what subject he would prefer to speak, that the toast was simply to turn loose upon you this evening the orator of the day. Therefore he will say to you what he will. He will take any subject he chooses, and as he is the guest of the city and this club, you will bear in mind that he is not open to criticism for anything that he may say. (Laughter and applause.) I need not recite to you the eminent qualifications of the orator of the day. Those of you who have had the pleasure of hearing him will not need any such assurance. I will, therefore, without further word, introduce to you the Hon. Frederic R. Coudert, the orator of the evening.

Mr. Coudert was greeted with cheers, and spoke as follows:

Mr. President and Gentlemen: I hardly know how to thank you for the way in which you have treated me. You have given me your hospitality and you have given me the kindness of your heart and hand. Your favors I appreciate, but your President put the culminating climax upon all when he warned you in advance that my remarks needed apology, but that they should defy criticism. (Laughter.) When he thus kindly put me forward as a victim that might be immolated, it was without due regard to the feelings of the immolators. It is true that if I had had to select a theme upon the magnitude of which I could discourse without personal inconvenience I should have selected myself. (Laughter.) It happens, however, that I did not choose the toast, and when I saw that I had been dubbed the orator of the day, I was at first inclined to think it was an honor which I should appreciate. But my hopes and ambitions are somewhat dashed when I see that I have been limited as to time. The waning, fading hours of night tell me that whatever may be my ambitions, time will be too short, and I cannot remain indefinitely. Indeed, if these festivities had continued for a few hours more I should have been much puzzled whether I had a right to speak at all. (Laughter.) For it is not to my oratory that tribute is paid, but to the fact that, evanescent as I am, I live but a few hours, and then go into the decay of the grave. But we of New York do not come a thousand miles to do no talking. (Laughter.) It is true that we have had a splendid dinner, which I much enjoyed, but even in the East we occasionally, when our means allow or the generosity of our patrons furnishes it, have a good dinner there. But it is not for the dinner, and it is not for the theme or for the free board, although with the thrift of my people I appreciate these courtesies. But it is not every day that is Washington's birthday, to start with, though he deserves greatly more than one. Nor is it every day that I am called upon to pay my tribute to the memory of one who, I may say, is the father of us all. But there is this about Washington—and I apologize, for I do not think it is a good thing that I am going to say, because I never heard it

said before (laughter), and if it were good some one else would have said it; but it seems to me that the great blessing that Divine Providence bestowed upon us in giving us Washington is that it put before us at the very earliest day of our national history an exemplar which we could all take, a model to which we could all look, and a man whom we could try to imitate. (Applause.) Where else in the history of the whole world will you find one man of whom this can be said, that his life was so pure, his ambition so noble and his deeds so great that you might say to your fondest child, to the son that you love above your life, "There is your example; follow it; look to him and to his example; it will be Excelsior as long as you do live." (Applause.) Criticism finds nothing in him to carp at. Envy finds nothing to decry. Jealousy stands abashed as he stands out as our model, our example and our loving and beloved ancestor. This is one of the things that we have to boast of. I say "boast," because I do not know any other word. There may be some in the language that would more appropriately indicate the feeling that we have on these, our festal days, when we look at the things that we should be thankful for. I call it boast. It is a good English word, and we boast of him. We boast of him, and other great things that we have. We boast of the size of our country. We boast of our lakes and our rivers, that are built on a larger mould than other countries. We boast of our teeming population, its intelligence and its wealth. We boast of our success, our populous growth and success. We boast of all these things, yet that does not exclude reverence to the Almighty, who gave them all. The Chief Justice of England said, some years ago—and this thought came to me to-day, in connection with what I was looking on—"You Americans boast of the size of your country. You did not make it. God made it." Well, if we are only to boast of the things we made, we would have very little to boast about, because all the great and good things that we have come from a loving and tender hand that is not our own. We have the size of our country to boast of, and I would have liked to have said to him, "There is another thing that makes us boast of this great size and country, and that is the Almighty gave it to another

nation who didn't know how to keep it (applause), and the question is whether the trust that we hold, for it is given to us in trust, will be worthily carried out, not for our benefit or even for that of our children, but carried out as trustees for the human race.

We have had great lessons. We have celebrated to-day the birthday of the first of our great men, and to-day has also been mentioned the only man who stands next to him, second to him, and that is Abraham Lincoln. (Applause.) And the nation that can boast those two has a priceless heritage that it may never be ashamed of as long as it exists. I think we should all feel, when we look upon this record of one hundred years, and when we see the finger of Providence from the first day setting up the men whom we can imitate and reverence and love, giving us other men, with the great crisis of our history, we can say that the great motto of "Praise God" protects the United States. But we must look to it that we carry out the great work with our own hands and our own hearts and our own brains, and it is not here the idle tribute of gratitude for courtesies received, but the real tribute of respect and admiration that I am paying you when I say to you that I have been most solemnly impressed by what I have seen to-night. It was an object lesson of patriotism that could touch even the heart of one grown gray in loving his country. Teach the children; let the man go if you can hold the children. It is the child of to-day that holds in his small hand the future of our country. (Applause.) It is the boy in his knickerbockers that will rule a hundred millions of people; aye, it is not only the boy, it is the most important part of the community—it is the girl. (Applause.) Because the girl makes the sweetheart, and the sweetheart makes the mother, and from her generations of heroes will come. (Applause.)

This is an age of many things, but it is not an age when men are apt of themselves to soar above the ground, and its material interests to go into the clouds and look at the sunshine and the skies, yielding subtle sentiment, and yet sentiment moves the world; but if we cannot have any other faith, which God forbid, but if we must confine ourselves to one faith, let us have faith in our country. (Applause.) Let us have the faith of patriotism, the

patriotism which is valuable, if for nothing else, that it lifts us out of ourselves, that it teaches us that we have brothers, that we have a nation with its posterity and the world to look to and after. Every great trust brings a great responsibility, and the history of to-day, as of yesterday, shows that there is a responsibility upon this, our dear country, our own United States. (Applause.) We have great problems to deal with; we are not exempt from the difficulties of mankind. We, too, are made of the same clay as our forefathers, and even the resplendent beauties of our splendid system of equality are not seen alike by all. Patience and education, these are the mottoes that will solve it all; in patience and ignorance you will never overcome except by being patient and true and loyal to our examples. Be true to the precepts of the man who has taught us so much, who has taught us in his wisdom and in his testament what we ought to do and try to do, carrying this out and remembering what our fathers have done and what men living have done on occasions that tried men's souls, and we will be able to deal with the problems, and if not, we, if we are not able, let us at least see that the blessings of education, of intelligence, of generous forbearance, spread over the whole country, and even those who are exasperated by ignorance and misled by false leaders, and false lights will feel that we, their enemies, in one sense, because we oppose them, are their brothers and their best friends in our hearts. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, I have nothing farther to say. I have taken more of your time than I ought to. (Cries of "Go on.") I don't have a chance every day to be the orator of the day.

The Toastmaster: Gentlemen, in drawing our wise men from among the people, it would not be possible for us to pass the great State of Ohio. We have one with us to-night who is the son of one whom we love, one for whom we have mourned; and yet he stands upon his own foundation. He is not here because of his father, but because of his own merit, his own worth and his own worthiness. (Applause.) He will talk to you of "The Influence of Character." Gentlemen, I have the honor of presenting to you James A. Garfield of Ohio.

Mr. Garfield was greeted with great applause and cheers, and spoke as follows:

I assure you that from what I learned here this morning, I think it is hardly necessary to go outside the county you live in to find the wisdom of Ohio, for, as I was introduced to the members of this club, they took me one by one secretly to one corner and advised me they were born in a certain county of the State of Ohio. (Laughter.) They all believed that they, too, are buck-eyes. Possibly it is merely that they desire to get some of the present glamour of coming from Ohio, or perhaps it is that they believe with us that Ohio is a soil that nurtures wisdom that extends all through our country. (Applause.) I say it not in derogation of any of the honor that comes to Illinois, but as a true son of Ohio I am glad to bring you greetings here and tell you that we, too, honor these anniversaries with you, and desire to make our country what it should be by the observance of these festal days. And, Mr. Toastmaster, I should congratulate for a moment, our friend the orator from New York. I think it truly remarkable that in this great, this growing and wonderful City of Chicago, that one man, even for twenty-four hours, could occupy the attention of a Chicago audience. (Laughter.)

The theme that I have chosen to-night, "Influence of Character," is suggested by the day itself. It is of course self-evident, often commented upon, nevertheless it is always susceptible of some new application or some thought that in the hurry of American life may be derogation. The periods of history in our country, those of old colonial days, and preceding them the days of discovery—then we come to the Revolution, the formative period of our nation—then after to the years of strife, the years culminating in the war of the Rebellion, which made us a nation in fact as well as in name. All these periods, aye, each of them, has had some distinctive characteristic of development. They stand out clearly before us, each presenting some great central idea, and it seems to me that the end of this century presents another of the epochs of American history. The last forty years have been the most wonderful years of our growth. They have surpassed all

others in the merely material development, the rapid increase of material wealth. Not only that, but everywhere invention and science have brought new discoveries and opened new fields. The American people, having broken through the old barriers of progress by the attainment of liberty and of equal opportunity, have tasted the first fruits of knowledge, not the few but the many, and they thirst for more, and in this epoch we have had developed materialism. It has been a materialistic age, and with the materialistic age we have lost much that should come to a great and growing nation. We have almost believed that the American people was capable of anything. We boasted of what we deemed our unlimited strength. We scorned the past and its experiences. We even neglected the present, and we lived and speculated in the future. We were material to the backbone, but materialism cannot succeed in itself. Materialism without idealism, without humanitarianism, cannot produce the highest and best civilization. (Applause.) Materialism depends almost entirely upon the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. It changes the idea of self-preservation to self-advancement by the destruction of all competition. It makes the acquisition of material wealth or money the sole aim of life. Now I believe that we have passed the climax of that period. I say passed, for I think the history of the past few years has sounded the warning note. We have learned that danger lurks underneath all this seeming prosperity of ours. The question and the problems now are to be the supreme test of a democratic form of government. We are to have our strength in which we have boasted put to the most severe test it has ever suffered. And it will depend upon such men as are here to-night whether that test will be borne well.

In connection with this, we must look at this development not as purely political. The events of the last one year have shown to us most clearly that the question now coming is not political but is social. Materialism having failed, in its wreck are the vast multitude of those who have been overwhelmed or maimed, and they are now cursing the ideal they but yesterday worshiped. Everywhere the spirit of discontent is rife. People seek change. They call for remedy. Now we are to determine whether or not

by intelligent effort this discontent shall be made concentrated rather than distributed. (Applause.) It is said by some that we are to repeat in our own fair and beautiful land the experience of France one hundred years ago. I, however, do not believe that we should be deceived or discouraged by such a sweeping historical parallel. The revolution in France was necessary because liberty was dead. The people were not the cause of their condition. They were brought to that condition by their rulers and their masters, and as we study more and learn more of the condition of the French people at that time we do not wonder at that revolution. Horrible as it was, it was inevitable, and it has been of immeasurable use and advantage to the human race. But we will not suffer as France did, because under the influences of universal education we have become a nation of homes. We have accumulated; we have become our own masters politically, individually, and by intelligent effort we can take our discontent, the discontent that underlies all true ambition, and make it constructive and build higher and better than we have ever gone before. (Applause.) I would offer in this but a single thought as to the practical way of doing it. How can we change these conditions to-day and change them toward prosperity and greater success? Suppose we cast aside the old materialistic doctrine; suppose we say this: that success, the highest success, is that which can be obtained not by the destruction of all competitors, but that we recognize the broad ideas of humanitarianism, that we say and act upon our belief that we should do unto others as they would do unto us (applause); that we say we will not make our success the necessary failure of our friends, our neighbors or our colleagues. If we do this we then remove many of the existing stumbling blocks that hinder the march of progress with us. Aye, but I have heard it said that that smacks of socialism. What if it does! Socialism will not be dangerous unless we make it so. Unless we make it so by fearing it, by driving it into secrecy and darkness; by branding it as a child of anarchy, which it is not. But, if we recognize socialism as one of the great elements in present evolution, then it will be a power for good with us, and by doing this we will clear the road, as I say, of some of the difficulties now

before us. Now, how can we do it? Here is one way. Let us take what is my topic to-night, the influence of character. We all know that the study of history through biography is one of the strongest and greatest forces that can be exerted upon the individual. When we take ideals and work toward those ideals, then work is not only not a drudgery, but it means more than that. We then dignify all labor, and we make the laborer not the drudge, but the equal, as he should be, of all his fellow men.

This can be accomplished by placing ideals before mankind, on the day we celebrate. How can we measure the influence that Washington has had upon our national life? In time of peace or war, when our nation's life hung in the balance, whatever the conditions were, we always found in that great life some phase that brings renewed strength and courage. And so wherever we are, be it in the field or shop, in the busy marts of trade or in the seclusion of our offices, we each one of us can pick out some great ideal, some personality that represents the ideal toward which we ourselves are working. Carlyle, I believe it was, said, "Work is the remedy, is the cure for all the maladies and miseries that beset mankind." Now, if we add to that work an ideal, then we immediately add love to that work, and love is the moving power that will change social conditions. So, Mr. President, I shall merely add this: The celebration that this club has taken up, the spirit that this city shows in all its civic pride, the spirit of patriotism developed here—that spirit is the one that should extend throughout our land. That spirit will give us ideals. It will take the days of other great men, their birthdays and the other anniversaries of our nation, and will build from them the ideals for the coming generation. Then we will have this: We will have men working, not for themselves alone, but for their fellow-men. They will not only have the inspiration of the personal ideal, but they will learn through that ideal and through the ideals presented by these meetings the truer and the higher and better spirit of patriotism—that patriotism of which we are all so proud; that patriotism that has placed our country where it is; the patriotism that will resave this country, and do it peacefully, without war. And then, together, wherever we are, we can always drink that

toast which Englishmen drink when they are far from home; but under that flag, they have but one toast, Our country right or wrong: if right, keep her so; if wrong, make her right, but ever our country. (Applause.)

In introducing the next speaker, the Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, of Chelsea, Mass., the Toastmaster said:

Gentlemen: A goodly number of years ago, I had the pleasure of listening to Sir Henry Vincent in the delivery of his lecture on Oliver Cromwell, and he gave this incident: That he was in a church in the interior of England, and saw a lot of images upon the walls, and asked who placed them there. The attendant replied, "Oliver Cromwell." "Oh, no, it couldn't have been Oliver Cromwell; that is not possible. If it was done by any Cromwell, it must have been by Sir William." "Well," said the attendant, "I reckon one Cromwell is as good as another." We have with us to-night the Rev. Charles E. Jefferson. I do not know whether he is a relative of Thomas Jefferson or not, but I reckon one Jefferson is as good as another, and, if anything, a little better. (Laughter.) He comes from the way-down Eastern State of Massachusetts, a state, if you will excuse the figure, which has been the backbone of American thought and American institutions and American vigor. (Applause.) He will tell us to-night just exactly what we want to know. He will tell us the man who will rule.

Mr. Jefferson was enthusiastically received, and spoke as follows:

Whether the doctrine of evolution be true or not, there is no doubt that humanity has a settled habit of changing from one mood into another, and that events have a striking fashion of linking themselves into a continuous chain. Tennyson may be mistaken in saying that through the ages one increasing purpose runs, but no one can read history even a little without suspecting that through all the changes and confusions there is an established order, and without feeling that the successive epochs of human history follow one another like the related acts of an unfolding drama. Generation after generation plays its part and passes away uncon-

scious of the plot to whose unfolding it has made contribution. The scenery is shifted from time to time, new actors are introduced upon the stage, surprising and unintended developments are wrought—the whole movement being apparently directed by a power invisible and eternal.

In the first act of this human drama, the man who ruled was the man of force, the man who could strike the hardest blow, who could hurl his javelin with firmest skill, who could shoot his arrow nearest to the mark, who could gather around him the largest number of men and hurl them with most crushing weight upon the army which marched against him. For centuries the world was ruled by the soldier. Tiglath-Peleser and Sennacherib, Nebuchadnezzar and Cyrus, Alexander the Great and Julius Caesar were mighty men in that first day. But the record of the man of force is now called ancient history.

In the second act, the man who ruled was the man of knowledge. Ideas became more potent than the weapons of war. Books usurped the place of lances and shields. The man of the field was supplanted by the man of the cloister. Gradually the lordship of the world passed from the hands of the soldier to the hands of the priest. The priest was the custodian of knowledge. The music and art, the science and philosophy, the literatures of Greece and Rome were all in the hands of the clergy. The center of power was no longer the fort but the monastery and abbey, and around these men kept alive the memories of olden times by playing war in jousts and tournaments. Patiently and persistently the church built herself on the foundations of the empire of Rome. The priest climbed higher and higher, until he sat down at last on the throne of the Caesars. The world lay at his feet. Henry IV. was the bravest soldier of Germany and the strongest monarch of Europe, but he stood barefoot three days in the cold of January dressed in the woolen shirt of a penitent at the door of the palace of Hildebrand. A century later the same tremendous struggle reached its climax on English soil. Henry II., the man of the sword, and Thomas a'Becket, the man of the pen, wrestled with each other for the Lordship of England; a'Becket was murdered,

but his soul still ruled, and the man of the sword knelt in sack-cloth at his tomb. The man of ideas was king of the world.

In the third act of the drama, the man who ruled was the man of noble blood, of exalted family. The patrician had ruled for short periods in Athens and in Rome, in Florence and in Venice, but he now came to the front in London. The rule of the ecclesiastic had always been galling to the English temper; William the Conqueror had stubbornly resisted it, so had Henry II., so had John, so had the Great Edward, and several of his successors. But it was not until the sixteenth century that the House of Tudor succeeded in accomplishing what the Plantagenets and Lancastrians had failed to effect. Henry VIII., magnificent specimen of a lord, handsome and accomplished, brilliant, imperious, willful, stubborn, haughty, proud, gathering up into his nature all the weaknesses and strengths of patrician blood, defied cardinals and priests, councils and Popes, and on the ground of his birth claimed the Divine right to be ruler of men. All through the sixteenth century England was ruled by the nobles, and the nobles were ruled by the supreme aristocrat who sat upon the throne.

But in the fourth act a new man came to the front—the man of money. He took his place by the side of the lord. The history of the seventeenth century is the record of the struggle between the House of Lords and the House of Commons, between nobility and wealth, nobles and merchants, blood and money. Through the sixteenth century England enjoyed almost uninterrupted peace. In peace her merchants made money. Her factories were multiplied, her commerce was extended, her wealth was enormously increased. A new social class rose to the surface. When the first of the Stuarts came to the throne he was astounded to find a House of Commons filled with merchants and landholders, who, because of their money, dared to defy the demands of the lords and to place restrictions on the actions of the monarch himself. The second of the Stuarts wrestled for years with a parliament he could not subdue. Parliament was unconquerable because London was behind it. London was mighty because London was rich. London was rich because London was commercial.

English liberty was won because London, with her money, fought against the king. Eliot and Hampden and Pym all fought the king on questions of money. Money and freedom have walked together in our modern world. No one can tell the story of political liberty without giving large place to the part played in the struggle by the men who had money. When we stand under our flag and thank God it is ours we should remember that the merchant no less than the soldier, and clergyman, and statesman, has assisted in painting its stripes and in creating its constellation of stars.

For two hundred years the man of money has been at the front. He has been growing richer and richer, and with the increase of wealth has come an enormous power. Nearly every door on the earth is open to-day to men of wealth. It reads like romance, the story of what rich men have done. A wealthy merchant becomes the President of France. He can sit down at a banquet with the Czar of all the Russias. That is possible even in the world which worships blood. But money is mightier on this side of the sea. We care less for soldiers here, and less for men who have grandfathers, and more for men who have dollars. The average American boy would rather be rich than be President.

But the aristocracy of wealth is not final. The man of money is not to be ruler of this continent. He may lord it over men to-day. His power will disappear to-morrow. Already those who have ears can hear a smothered cry down in the deep heart of the nation, "We will not have this man to rule over us!" The aristocracy of force was beaten down by the priest. The aristocracy of ecclesiastics was beaten down by the printing press. The aristocracy of birth was beaten down by money. The aristocracy of wealth will be beaten down—How? Shall it be by the dynamite of the chemist or by the dynamite of love? This world will be ruled by the man who loves. We must have our soldiers and our ecclesiastics and our patricians and our men of wealth, but in each of them must be built up the character of Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many.

The founders of Rome were nourished on the milk of a wolf,

and Rome in many of her moods was little more than wolf. The founders of our republic were nourished on the milk of the Word of God, and America, if she is true to her high destiny, will become more and more the servant of the Almighty. She will be a servant of the nations, leading them in the paths of peace and guiding them to the cross of the Son of God. We have spent a hundred years in talking about our bill of rights. We should spend the twentieth century in writing a bill of duties. One hundred years ago we wrote a declaration of independence from our English mother. Is it not time that as a nation we wrote a declaration of dependence on our Heavenly Father?

In our supreme moments we are not proudest of our soldiers or our ecclesiastics or our blue-bloods or our millionaires. We are proudest of our men who are good. When we think of Washington we do not most readily think of him as a soldier, although he was one, nor as a patrician, although he was one, nor as a rich man, although he was one. It is of his goodness we think. The father of our country was good. He gave himself to his countrymen. And the only American whose name we are willing to write next to his is the man who was known as Honest Abe (applause), whose motto in life was "with malice toward none and charity for all," and who at last laid down his life for the nation. This is James Russell Lowell's birthday as well as that of Washington. Over fifty years ago Mr. Lowell wrote to a friend: "All history shows the poverty and weakness of force, the wealth and power of love."

Gentlemen of Chicago, the man who will rule this continent in the future is the man who loves his fellowmen.

The Toastmaster: Gentlemen, in selecting our wise men for this occasion, we have not overlooked our own city. We heard something of war and how to avoid it during the afternoon, and a very little about it this evening, and from so much as we have heard we are glad to learn that the war spirit is vanishing away. We came to this conclusion this afternoon, and we have the statement of General Sherman that war is essentially savage, and that it was not to be tolerated wherever it was possible to avoid it. We have to-night with us one of the soldiers of the republic.

Whether he will have the view, or take the view that Gen. Sherman takes of war or not, he will speak for himself. He, however, has for his subject, "National Honor vs. National Greed." It is a sort of a lawyer's way of putting the question, yet I think a soldier will be able to handle it to your entire satisfaction. Gentlemen, I have the pleasure of presenting Col. Henry L. Turner. (Applause.)

Col. Turner then spoke as follows:

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen of the Union League Club: These three honorable gentlemen from New York, Ohio, and Iowa, and this reverend doctor from Massachusetts, being prophets outside of their own country, have no idea how hard it is for little Harry Turner, a common every day incident in Chicago, to endeavor to interest the men who eat and sleep and talk with him three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and yet it may help me out from the fact that I too was born in Ohio (laughter and applause), although I left that state too early to retain any chance of the presidency. (Laughter.)

It may help me out, too, that I am not one of those who believe that the millennium has come and that arbitration is from today king. It may help me out, too, in that I have something to say, which I believe with all my heart and soul and power; it may help me, too, that I love my country almost to idolatry, and if I seem to say anything in criticism, it is because I cannot bear for an instant even that the sun of my native land should seem to be in eclipse.

The world is a great community of nations, some powerful, some proud, some beautiful, some young, some cultivated, some barbarous and ugly, some grasping and covetous, some poor and helpless. Of necessity, there have arisen questions of conflicting interests between the members of this community which have been adjusted either by force of arms or by agreement. Out of these settlements, through many centuries, has grown up an unwritten, indeterminate code of international law. Imperfect as it is, it has been of service in maintaining national order. But it has come to carry greater weight than it is fairly entitled to, and it thus happens that it has become a convenient cover for un-

principled or timid nations to find opportunities to shirk unpleasant or unprofitable duties. Encroachments of nation upon nation have been due mainly to national greed of wealth or trade or territory. Wherever there has been money to gain or fertile fields to cover and capture, national honesty, equity and honor have been cast to the winds. Countries too conservative to act aggressively have stood idly by, either through fear of loss or hope of gain, in tolerance of the despoiling of the weak by the strong. But in this beautiful land of the free, under a government by the people, the Simon-pure, unadulterated people, it cannot be possible that there shall have been such breaches of this great law of national brotherhood.

But passing by the story of the American Indian, with its strong flavor of brutality and conquest, touching slightly on the war of Mexico, with its odor of land-grabbing and conquest, we see America to-day standing with folded arms behind the cover of international technicalities, whilst a great nation, with cruelties that reek to Heaven, batters the life out of the pearl of the Antilles. (Applause.) And here, as in all history, it is the same spirit of national greed that is trailing the national honor in the dust. We are silent, impassive, whilst this crime of the centuries, this black flag out of the dark ages is unfurled, solely and absolutely through fear lest our cities and our commerce suffer, lest the price of our stocks and our bonds falls, lest business be disturbed, lest the long-hoped-for prosperity go a-glimmering. We rail at the supineness of Europe in the presence of Turkish atrocities, and yet while a stupendous tragedy enrolls itself at our very door we stay in the back yard and saw wood. (Laughter and applause.)

I tell you, friends, that this spirit of greed, this over-mastering hunger after prosperity, is sapping the manhood out of the nation. (Applause.) The rich wish to be richer, the wealthy to be millionaires. The big merchant gorges most on the little ones, and even labor itself has gone mad seeking the highest possible return for the least amount of effort. (Applause.) The American and the American people are engaged in a wild scramble for success, with no helping hand for a helpless nation, with no sym-

pathy or tears for the distressed, aye, even on this very day, commemorated to a great patriot who dared all for freedom, whilst little Greece, God bless her (applause), in a sympathetic strike for Cretan liberty, is bidding defiance to a continent in arms, Great America, the long-heralded champion of the world's down-trodden and oppressed, turns a deaf ear to bleeding Cuba. (Applause.) Oh, my friends, I would a thousand times rather write my name in history as King George of Greece or as Antonio Maceo than as that of any member of the American government to-day. There is and there can be but one question properly before the American people in this matter. Is it right for us to interfere? Is it a national duty? To a courageous people, to a people who held its honor high there could be but one answer possible. It is that which comes spontaneously to every man when he sees murder being done or life in danger. Here is a little band of neighbors just beyond the national fence—brave, industrious, self-sacrificing, peace-loving, harried to their death, not because they have committed any wrong; not because they are unworthy of life among the great nations, but because they refuse longer to bow in slavery; because they will not serve to satiate the unspeakable greed of a gluttonous dynasty; because they seek to breathe God's free air in freedom. (Applause.) We cannot escape the responsibility if we stand idly by and see them hunted to desperation and despair and annihilation. They are our brothers, and call we out as loudly as we may, that old craven, cowardly cry of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?"—history will surely write us down as dastards if we let our pockets bag our honor. (Applause.) We should stand by this people and stand by human liberty because it is unquestionably, immutably and eternally right to do so; because the national honor and the national conscience demand it; because that higher law, that divine obligation of brotherly love and brotherly care, which overrides all law, national or international, demands it. Oh, my friends, from my inmost soul I believe our government should without an instant of delay recognize the independence of Cuba. (Applause.) If it means war, let war come. If New York, Boston, Charleston and San Francisco are unprotected let them

put their hands into their own pockets and get ready. If Chicago fears a hostile fleet let her turn her water cribs into water batteries. Being divinely panoplied in justice and spurred to our work by a courage which reckes no consequences, come one, come all, we shall be ready. We shall welcome the rolling of the drums, the calling of the bugles, the booming of the great guns, because they would be the voice of national honor, the voice of everlasting right, the voice of God summoning this people to service in His own cause. I would rejoice to hear to-morrow the tramp, tramp, tramp, of a million armed volunteers, to witness the sublime awakening of a slumbering nation, to feel the spell of the uplifting of the national thought and purpose, to see the bursting into flame of a great nation's hot indignation against a mighty wrong, because through all the turmoil, suffering and sorrow there would come redemption for our national backsliding; there would come forgetfulness of this corroding discontent; there would come release from this all pervading, all dominating, all degrading greed. Oh, friends, I would swing my hat in the air with cheers as I buckled on my sword and marched away, because there would come again to our beloved country all her old time rugged, simple, homely and heroic virtues. Columbia, torn and bleeding, buffeted yet undaunted, would blaze forth with greater hope for humanity than with Columbia powerful, soulless, selfish and cowardly.

Let America become her own true, fearless, whole-souled, liberty-loving self again, and Cuba shall be free, and all history shall write that government by the people is and always shall be the government of national honor, not of national greed. (Great applause.)

At the close of Col. Turner's speech a body of students rose and yelled "What's the matter with Turner? He's all right."

The Toastmaster: The Anglo-Saxon race, from the beginning of its history down, has been notorious for being a race of real estate dealers. (Laughter.) Our own country has not been behind in that direction. Thomas Jefferson and Napoleon Bonaparte stole away from what England expected to get a large section of this country known as the Louisiana purchase. We got it

by purchase because England was going to take it by force. All the territory west of the Mississippi River to that which Spain claimed belonged to the Louisiana purchase. The great state of Iowa is one of those states which we have by our national greed taken in. In selecting our wise men we have crossed the Mississippi River and we have asked the Hon. A. B. Cummings of the state of Iowa to represent the state and to present to us an incident in the life of Washington. I suppose probably he gets it from that most veracious of histories of George Washington written by Weems. If it is otherwise he will have to inform you himself. Gentlemen, I have the honor and pleasure of presenting to you the Hon. A. B. Cummings of the state of Iowa. (Applause.)

Mr. Cummings spoke as follows:

Mr. President and Gentlemen: I claim your sympathy. I was not born in the state of Ohio. (Laughter.) But with regard to the incident; one member of my family happened to see the telegram which I sent to your worthy secretary announcing my subject and she said, "For the love of heaven what variation are you going to play upon that old fable before the people of Chicago?" (Laughter.) Be assured, gentlemen, that is not the incident in my mind. I know you well enough to know that in your development you have gone far beyond the influence of that story. (Laughter.)

But speaking seriously, when I came to select a subject for this occasion, I was much perplexed. The tendency nowadays is to stare straight into the future and looking backward is hardly possible in an age so deeply concerned in the practical problems which affect our moral, social, political and commercial organizations. I distinctly felt that you would expect me at this time to deal with some such question, and it is with hesitation that I venture into another field. Once in a while we ought to forsake the altars that we have set up to the gold standard, to bimetallism, and to the free coinage of silver. We ought to forget the difficulties of our monetary system, especially since under the management of Lyman Gage our welfare is perfectly secure. (Ap-

plause.) We ought to refuse protection and free trade a hearing. We ought to banish the thought, the harrowing thought, that legislatures are extravagant and corrupt, that municipal governments are dishonest, and in effect that corporations are not always benevolent, and that trusts move as of yore, upon the high plane of complete devotion to their own selfish interests. There are times when we should abandon the scalpel of the surgeon for the brush of the painter, and abandon the rigors of analytics for the comforts of synthetics. There are times when the voice of the eulogist is more welcome than the tones of the reformer and the dream of yesterday is sweeter than the prophecy of to-morrow. Moved by these impulses, gentlemen, and taking refuge in the memories of a day dedicated to retrospection, I have permitted myself to think of what has been rather than what is to be. Beyond dispute, our nation is the favored of fortune and the child of destiny. The forces of the world have conspired to bestow upon us the best of everything, but in no respect are we more fortunate, in no respect more conspicuous and pre-eminent than in the genius of George Washington. There is no other country whose history produces a figure that bears any such relation to it as does George Washington bear to the United States. The people of all lands are vitalized with the spirit and sustained by the heritage of patriots and statesmen, commanders in war and leaders in peace. But, as the mind runs on into the avenue of their past, it finds no monument which marks at once the origin of government and the highest type of patriot, the greatest excellence of the statesman and the best embodiment of commander and leader as does his. We enjoy the solitary and the happy distinction of inscribing upon the pages of our annals the deeds of a man who stands as the beginning of our institutions, a man in whom a prodigal nature united so many of its graces, so much of its strength that for more than a century wherever humanity has hailed its freedom or has sighed for its liberty, his life has been the sign and the symbol of happiness and of hope. The retrospect of the American citizen is commanding, aspiring and inspiring. The grand highway upon which we have marched now for more than a hundred years, magnificent in its reach and strength, is pillared with

majestic columns from which the names of our immortals blaze with an ever-increasing splendor. See America's heroes standing erect like gigantic sentinels in the spot where the hand of the Master was laid; and laid upon them, almost within touch of the outstretched hand, there rises a form whose shroud has hardly yet grown rigid in the marble of history. The mightiest intelligence of later years, the brightest mind of his age, unrivaled in civil life, the ideal of every true American, James G. Blaine. (Applause.) Just beyond there stands, firm and steady, reliant, that puissant soldier, not more silent in death than in life, the genius of war, the apostle of peace, enshrined in every heart, Ulysses S. Grant. (Applause.) A little further still there appears a stately shade, keeping his eternal watch over the form of a beloved country, who was so dowered with the richest of intellect, so flaming with the forces of truth, so moved by universal sympathy, that he could with equal ease in one instant storm the citadel of the human mind and in the next sweep every chord of the human heart, the lamented, the martyr, James A. Garfield. (Applause.) And then the heroic statues of Wilson, Wade, of Sumner, of Seward, and of Greeley. And now the eye rests upon a towering spirit whose noble features are lifted up so high into that rare realm of superiorism that he marks an epoch not only in this great pathway of the dead, but in the history of the dead as well, a spirit whose infinite honor it is to stand there for all time, lifting from the weary shoulder of the republic the grievous burden of shame that had borne it for eighty years down into the dust of humiliation and dishonor. We bow in reverence to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. (Applause.)

But we cannot number the majestic names of the past. With distance scarce waning their grandeur, we see Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Jackson, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, and then, as we reach the end, upraised as though in the path of some great wave, and like a gleaming dome, there rises the most conspicuous, the most dominant, the most benign face of eighteen centuries, and there it shall ever remain, the benediction of the human race; and so often as the lover of liberty or the advocate of freedom shall grow faint and despondent, he needs but turn and

lift his eye to gather new strength and courage for whatever lies before him.

The martial career of George Washington, which began with the perilous march over the mountains to Virginia, which led him through the dreadful shadows of Braddock's Ford, and through the heart-breaking sorrows of Valley Forge, through defeat and through victory to the final deliverance of his people at Yorktown, shall not detain me. The prolific field for eulogy embraced within the eight years in which he gave honor and dignity to the office of President of the United States shall to-night remain unexpressed.

It is my judgment that the greatest, the best service which Washington rendered his fellowmen was rendered neither as commander of the armies of the Revolution nor as President of the United States. The most superb qualities of his manhood were exhibited neither in the shock of war nor in the councils of civil office. The years which lay between the close of the war and the adoption of the constitution were full of perils more menacing to free institutions, more fatal to good government, more destructive of commerce, more disastrous to prosperity than were ever presented in British arms or threatened by British supremacy. The existence of the war, the common impulse to unitedly confront the foreign oppressor preserved some unity among the colonies, until the British flag no longer floated in our air, but the moment we had opportunity to consider our internal affairs, the weak and pitiable character of the confederation became manifest. As a system of government it neither had nor deserved respect. The confederacy could neither exercise power nor undertake responsibility. It was a beggar praying alms of its bankrupt members, and it speedily became a mere burlesque upon organized society, a mere hollow pageantry of office, a shallow farce of authority. The colonies rapidly became foreign to each other and were filled with distrust, with jealousy and with envy. Trade languished; commerce disappeared; treasuries were empty; acrimonious disputes filled the land; discontent was everywhere; despair was fast creeping into the hearts of men, and chaos seemed almost at hand. The world has never seen and never will see brighter

constellations than shone from many of the colonies. Virginia was radiant with such characters as Madison, Henry, Mason and Randolph. New York was brilliant with her Hamilton, her Livingston and her Jay. Pennsylvania was honored and renowned with her Franklin, her Morris, and her Wilson. Massachusetts was resplendent in the grandeur of her Hancock, her Adams, and her Wilson. South Carolina was brilliant with her Rutledges. But brilliant and patriotic as they were, they were powerless to resist the current of disintegration. In this extremity there was one man who was clothed with the confidence of all the people. There was one man towards whom the shafts of suspicion had not been directed. There was one man whose name and fame were lifted up above the discordant waves that lashed the shores of the new republic from Massachusetts to Carolina. That man was George Washington. And in this supreme moment of his country's danger, when her future hung upon a thread so frail that it often seemed it would be broken in twain, he originated the movement which brought together the convention of 1787, the immortal convention which produced the constitution of the United States. No other man could have done it, and if it had not been done the day of the republic would never have dawned, the high position which we have achieved would never have been attained, and the azure field of Old Glory would never have been illuminated by a single star.

By what force Washington calmed the turbulent factions, even so far as to permit the calling of this convention, we can never know. It came, however, from the supernal greatness of the man; when he called, men listened; when he implored, men yielded; when he commanded, men obeyed. The moment that saw Washington installed as president of this convention in the old Independence Hall witnessed a more enduring future for him than ever crowned his courage on the field of battle, and for three months he led the representatives of the people through a conflict of deeper import to us than was ever before fought out under the sky that canopies the western hemisphere.

Men had always loved liberty. In every age of the past they had died for it as freely and willingly as the rain drop falls and

dries away upon the earth that thereby it may blossom into beauty. In every country of the world rivers had run red to the sea in the fierce warfare for freedom. Time and again the soldier had taken at the point of the sword this priceless trophy, only to lose it in the mysterious arts of diplomacy. The brave and suffering armies of the Revolution had simply repeated the sublime spectacle which had been for centuries exhibited to the eyes of mankind. They had demonstrated their title to manhood, but manhood had never yet formed a government. This was the problem of the convention over which Washington was chosen to preside. It was full of differences. It was alive with fear of a central power. It was saturated with the idea of colonial or state sovereignty, and nothing else than the all but divine greatness of its president could have guided it to a happy deliverance. For days and weeks it seemed to be at the very point of dissolution, and there was one moment when all hope was abandoned, and then uprose the calm, the impressive, the solemn figure of Washington saying to them, "It is too probable that no plan we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If to please the people we offer what ourselves disapprove, how can we defend our work? Let us raise the standard to which the wise and the honest may repair. The event is in the hand of God." These were words of inspiration, and those who heard them turned again with renewed zeal to the great duty of creating a Union to preserve the liberty that had been so gloriously achieved. Three months and more they labored, and then from this crucible into which had been poured the patriotism, the patience, the hopes of the most fervid hearts and brightest minds, the highest statesmanship and the wildest vagaries, came the constitution of the United States—an instrument the most important ever wrought in statecraft, for it created a nation; an instrument which as Gladstone once said "is the most wonderful ever turned off at a given time by the brain and the purpose of man." While George Washington composed but little if any of the charter of this new government he was the author of it all. The mere phrase in which the constitution was drafted is a marvelous tribute to the scope of the

human mind, but the power of conceiving the broad and comprehensive plan there expressed shrinks into nothingness when compared with the power of coercing the factious spirits of the colonies and compelling them to agree to any constitution that had for its object a stable, strong and efficient government. It was he who gathered together the tangled threads that held our colonies so loosely together, and then with his mighty hand tied them up, that will hold us side by side so long as men love free institutions. (Applause.) In all the history of the world no single man ever did for his country so stupendous a service as did Washington in bringing together and in leading the deliberations of this convention. He deserved well of his countrymen for the faith, courage and genius he displayed in every encampment, march and battle of the war, but the brightest jewel that shines and sparkles in his crown that an appreciative posterity has bestowed upon him commemorates the convention of 1787. And this, gentlemen of Chicago, is the incident which appealed to me most forcibly as that which, groping about for a subject for the few minutes you have generously permitted me to occupy. It is as instructive as it is admirable. Since those fateful days we have expanded beyond description. Many things that were then plain have become obscured. Many things that were then simple have become complex. Forces then not dreamed of are now the most potential in our society, but there is at least one element in the structure of good government which is a constant factor and is as necessary now as then. It is a moral chord in the character of men that will harmonize them with right and justice. We need now as then a high, unselfish devotion to the idea that each man is entitled to his fair and equal opportunity. We need now as then an altar sacred to the worship of the eternal truth that the rules of organized society are for the general good and not for the promotion of selfish and individual interests. It is apparent that we have lost a measure of confidence in the uprightness, integrity and honor of our fellowmen, and we are rushing hither and thither in the vain attempt to secure protection by surrounding all the people with a network of laws. We are doomed to disappointment. Modern society is committing a

great error in so largely directing its energies to safety through remedial legislation and police regulations, and in the hopeless effort of making man high-minded, honorable and honest by statute. A society that recognizes no obligations save those that can be decreed in the courts and enforced by the sheriff has lost its chief bulwark. (Applause.)

The drift towards socialism, while inevitable, has its peculiar dangers. There is a tendency to forget the fountain and exhaust ourselves in cleansing the stream. It is not wonderful that we have missed some of the paths in the labyrinth. We have created a material wealth that surpasses the conception of mortal man. We have aroused a mental activity so tremendous that knowledge thrills the world with illumination as bright as the sun at noon-day. But with it all we are not cultivating diligently enough the most essential traits of individual manhood. We have imagined that intellect alone could care for the new relations appearing day after day. We have grown insensibly to think that the voice of the government will be powerful enough to command the resistless life of those born. But it is not so. We have education; it is good but it is not sufficient: we have piety; it is good but not sufficient. We need that quality exemplified in Washington—an honor so high and sensitive that it recoils from the danger line that separates right from wrong. (Applause.) We need a patriotism so deep and pervading that the government shall not appear as a medium for self-government, but shall forever stand as the instrument of divine justice. (Great applause.)

The exercises then closed by all joining in the singing of America.

The toastmaster read the following telegram from Mr. Thomas B. Bryan:

L. Bond, Vice-President and Toastmaster, Union League Club:
Chicago, Ill.:

Washington, by the grandeur of his character, the sum of his achievements, and wisdom of his rule, won his more than princely title, and challenged the admiration of the world. To a like summit of exalted patriotism rose Abraham Lincoln, great apostle and martyr of liberty. Name them together as the nation's

wisest councillors, safest guides, and best beloved. Crowned alike with immortality, name together these peerless chieftains in the first hundred years of our young republic. Can their like be found in all the ages?

THOMAS B. BRYAN.



